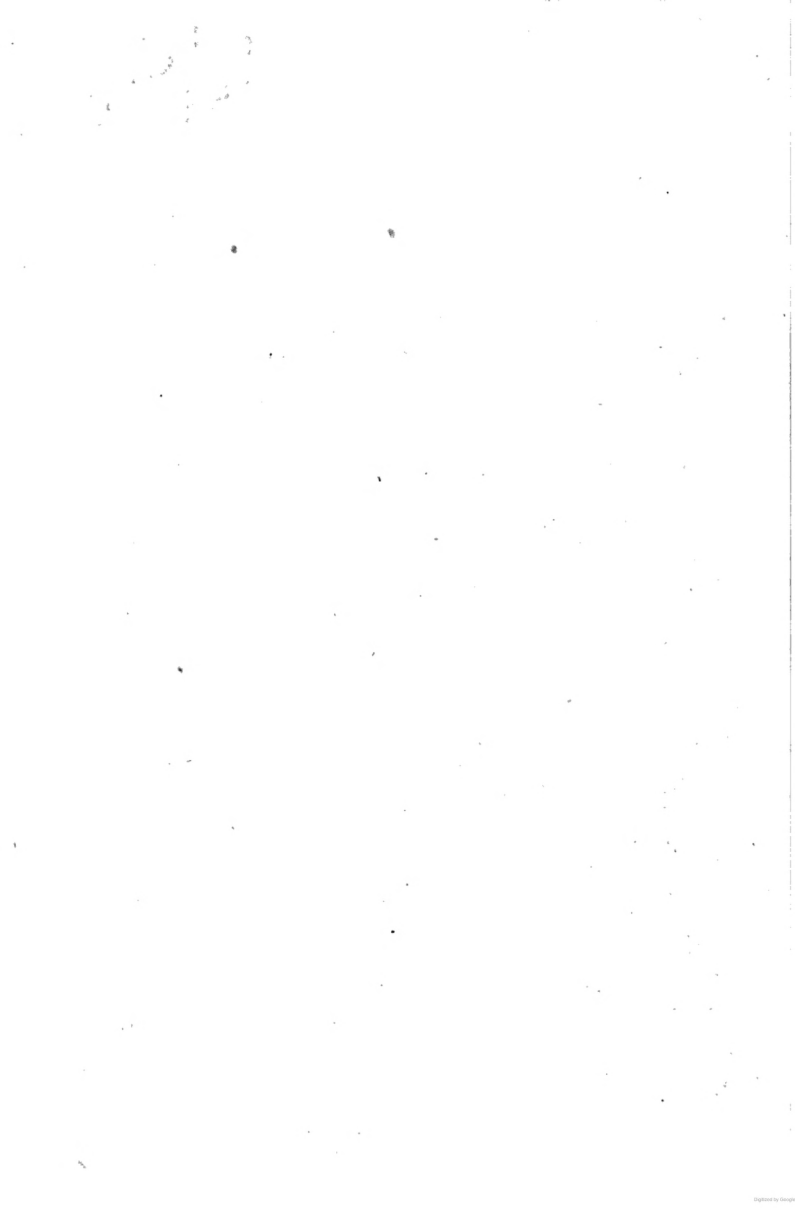


Library
of the
University of Wisconsin

PURCHASED WITH THE
HILL RAILWAY LIBRARY FUND
A GIFT FROM
JAMES J. HILL
ST. PAUL

Mr J G Underhay
from his affected daughter
Jessie.

July 4th, 1854



GEORGE MEASOM'S
OFFICIAL
ILLUSTRATED RAILWAY GUIDE-BOOKS.

UNIFORM PRICES.

In wrapper, One Shilling, or in cloth, elegantly bound, Two Shillings.

Now Ready,

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY AND ITS BRANCHES.

FIFTY ENGRAVINGS.

"This work supplies a want. . . . The descriptive matter is written with very great taste, and in an exceedingly interesting style."—*Bell's W. Messr.*

"The illustrations are numerous, correct, and well-executed, and the information is ample, accurate, and carefully conveyed. It is worthy of patronage."—*Sun. Times.*

"This is a little book which every traveller on the Great Western Railway should obtain. We feel great pleasure in saying a capital idea has been most ably carried out."—*Morn'g. Adver.*

MARSHALL AND SONS, PADDINGTON STATION.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY AND ITS BRANCHES.

FORTY-FOUR ENGRAVINGS.

"We greet Mr. George Measom as a person who has done the state good service in providing its locomotive population with cheap and well-written guide-books. His, are portable little volumes, full of good information, pleasantly conveyed. We have received much pleasure from the companionship of this little work (South-Eastern Guide) in the train."—*Bell's W. Messr.*

W. H. SMITH AND SONS, LONDON BRIDGE STATIONS.

THE BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAYS;

INCLUDING A DESCRIPTION OF THE

CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM,

AND A

TOPOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

FIFTY ENGRAVINGS.

C. P. CONNELLY, BRIGHTON TERMINUS, LONDON BRIDGE.

In course of publication,

THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY AND ITS BRANCHES.

FIFTY ENGRAVINGS.

The above work will contain historical and descriptive accounts of the rich antiquities, cathedrals, castles, &c., contained in the various highly interesting localities through which the above line and its different branches pass. It will also be most profusely illustrated with carefully executed engravings from drawings, in every case taken expressly for the object.

W. H. SMITH AND SONS, WATERLOO STATION.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAYS.

[EUSTON-SQUARE TO EDINBURGH.]

This important guide has been some time in progress, and will shortly be ready. It will be issued in two parts, at one shilling each, and will be beautifully illustrated from original drawings now in course of preparation.

W. H. SMITH AND SONS, EUSTON STATION.

Mr. GEORGE MEASOM will feel obliged for any local information of public general interest for embodiment in future editions of the above works.

Plain in Wrapper, 1s.; Tinted in Wrapper, 2s. 6d.,

THE BIBLE,

ITS

ELEVATING INFLUENCE ON MAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY

SIX LARGE HIGHLY-FINISHED WOOD ENGRAVINGS,

ARRANGED AND ENGRAVED BY GEORGE MEASOM, FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS

(74, Charrington-street, Oakley-square, St. Pancras, London.)

I.—THE GIN SHOP.
II.—THE WRETCHED HOME.
III.—READING THE BIBLE.

IV.—THE HOUSE OF GOD.
V.—THE CALL TO REPENTANCE.
VI.—THE HAPPY DEATH BED.

MR. GEORGE MEASOM, the wood engraver, has in these half-dozen illustrations of the humanising influence of Scripture done himself considerable credit.—*Church and State Gazette*.

A series of six large, cleverly drawn, and well-finished wood engravings. Mr. George Measom has shown all his accustomed ability and taste in these admirable pictures.—*Morn. Advertiser*.

Mr. George Measom rises far *above* the sphere in which Mr. Cruikshank laboured. He has invented less, but has embodied more. It is gratifying to find generous sentiments embodied in a pleasing form, as in the present instance. There is a simple morality and Christian intention in Mr. George Measom's work which will secure for it a general circulation.—*Morn. Post*.

We give the whole series our hearty commendation. They are not exaggerated caricatures, but truthful embodiments of every-day facts.—*Bell's New Weekly Mess*.

LONDON: PARTRIDGE & OAKLEY, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 70, EDGEWARE ROAD.



PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

"The Purity of the Press the Safeguard of Society."

PRICE ONE PENNY,

THE TRUE BRITON.

THE BEST AND THE CHEAPEST,

Because, though it costs *a whole penny*, like other periodicals, its readers have *the best pennyworth*. The History is all true; the Tales are so told as to suggest what is pure and good, and the Illustrations are from the hands of some of the best Designers and Engravers. Witness the large Medallion Engraving,

"SOW THE TEMPEST, AND REAP THE WHIRLWIND;"
SHOWING THE CAREER OF THE SABBATH-BREAKER.

By GEORGE MEASOM.

This beautiful Picture, price 1d. plain, and on plate paper, in two colours, 6d., is issued with either number of THE TRUE BRITON. Order of any bookseller.

Published by WERTHEIM and MACINTOSH, 24, Paternoster-row;

1895
1896
1897

1898
1899

1900

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

1907

1908

1909

1910

1911

1912

1913

1914

1915

1916

1917

1918

1919

1920

1921

1922

1923

1924

1925

1926

1927

1928

1929



SOUTH TRANSEPT OF THE CRISTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

**THE OFFICIAL
ILLUSTRATED GUIDE
TO THE
BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST
RAILWAYS
AND ALL THEIR BRANCHES,
INCLUDING A DESCRIPTION OF
THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM,
AND A TOPOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF
THE ISLE OF WIGHT.**

BY GEORGE MEASOM.

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



PRICE ONE SHILLING, OR ELEGANTLY BOUND AND GILT, TWO SHILLINGS.

LONDON:

**H. G. COLLINS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
C. P. CONNELLY, BRIGHTON COMPANY'S TERMINUS, LONDON BRIDGE;
W. J. TAYLOR, 17, EAST STREET, BRIGHTON;
AND AT ALL THE RAILWAY STATIONS.**

1853.

List of Engravings

By GEORGE MEASOM, FROM DRAWINGS BY T. SULMAN.

SOUTH TRANSEPT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE (<i>Frontispiece</i>).	PAGE
EXTERIOR OF NEW TERMINUS, LONDON BRIDGE	4
GREENWICH JUNCTION	7
THE CRYSTAL PALACE AS SEEN FROM THE LINE	8
EXTERIOR OF THE SOUTH END OF DITTO	9
EGYPTIAN COURT	12
POMPEIAN COURT	13
GROUP OF SCULPTURE, &c.	ib.
CROYDON HIGH STREET AND GRAND STAND, EPSOM	17
MERSTHAM TUNNEL	20
VIEW AT MERSTHAM	21
REIGATE JUNCTION STATION.....	22
VIEW AT HORSHAM	26
THE OUSE VIADUCT	28
LEWES CASTLE AND TOWN	29
NEWHAVEN LANDING PLACE, HARBOUR, &c.....	32
EASTBOURNE	34
PEVENSEY CASTLE	35
ESPLANADE AT ST. LEONARD'S	39
MARINE PARADE, &c., HASTINGS.....	42
CLAYTON TUNNEL	46
EXTERIOR OF BRIGHTON TERMINUS AND PRESTON VIADUCT	47
THE BEACH AT BRIGHTON.....	50
THE PAVILION AND BEDFORD HOTEL.....	52
VICTORIA FOUNTAIN AND ROYAL YORK HOTEL.....	55
EAST ESPLANADE AND BRISTOL HOTEL	56
OLD STEYNE AND SHIP HOTEL.....	ib.
NEW AND OLD SHOREHAM CHURCHES AND ADUR VIADUCT	59
SOMPTING AND BROADWATER CHURCHES AND BEACH AT WORTHING	61
LEOMINSTER CHURCH AND TOWN OF ARUNDEL.....	62
CHICHESTER FROM THE MARKET CROSS.....	64
EXTERIOR OF STATION AND SUSSEX HOTEL, PORTSMOUTH	66
HIGH STREET AND GEORGE HOTEL, DITTO	68
DITTO, LOOKING WEST, AND FOUNTAIN HOTEL, DITTO.....	ib.
ENTRANCE OF PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR	73
SHANKLIN, VENTNOR, EAST AND WEST COWES, &c.....	79
LANDING PLACE AND HIGH STREET, RYDE	83
FRESHWATER, BLACKGANG, NEWPORT, &c.	90
MAP OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT	99

119072
MAY 24 1908
HJR45
9L854
YMA6

Contents.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY PREFACE	iv

CHAPTER I.

POSITION OF TERMINUS, LONDON	
BRIDGE	1
NEW STATION	5
GREENWICH JUNCTION	7
THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDEN-	
HAM	8
CROYDON	17
EPSOM	19
MERTHAM	21
REIGATE	23

CHAPTER II.

HORSHAM	26
BALCOMBE	28
LEWES	30
ITS CASTLE AND PRIORY	ib.
NEWHAVEN	32

CHAPTER III.

BERWICK	33
EASTBOURNE	34
PEVENSEY	35
BEXHILL	38
ST. LEONARD'S	39
HASTINGS	40
ITS CHURCHES	41
PUBLIC BUILDINGS	42
CASTLE	43
HARBOUR	44
FAIRLIGHT DOWNS	ib.

CHAPTER IV.

HAYWARD'S HEATH	45
STANMER PARK	46
PRESTON VIADUCT	47
BRIGHTON	48
THE STEYNE, &c.	49
BEACH	50

	PAGE
CHAIN PIER	51
PAVILION	53
COLLEGE	55
THEATRE	57
PARK	58

CHAPTER V.

NEW SHOREHAM	59
WORTHING	60
ARUNDEL	62
CHICHESTER	64
THE CATHEDRAL	65
GOODWOOD	66
PORTSMOUTH	67
THE DOCKYARD	70
THE HARBOUR	73
THE FLEET	74
HASLAR HOSPITAL	77
SOUTHSEA	ib.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT	78
THE UNDERCLIFF	80
RYDE	81
BRADING HAVEN	84
SHANKLIN	85
VENTNOR	86
BONCHURCH	87
BLACKGANG CHINE	89
FRESHWATER GATE	91
THE NEEDLES	92
HURST CASTLE	93
YARMOUTH	ib.
CARISBROOKE CASTLE	94
NEWPORT	96
WEST COWES	97
EAST COWES	98
OSBORNE HOUSE	ib.

APPENDIX.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS, &c.	100
-----------------------------	-----

Introductory Preface.

A RAILWAY between London and Brighton was first projected as early as in 1825; but it was not seriously thought of till 1835, when no less than five different engineers advanced as many different plans,—namely, ROBERT STEPHENSON, the younger, RENNIE, GIBBS, CUNDY, and RASTRICK. The plan of the first-named started with most happy prospects, and in September, 1835, the inhabitants of Brighton memorialised the then sitting members to support the Bill in its passage through Parliament. The following year, however, brought on a reaction in favour of Mr. Rennie's direct line; and when the contending claims of the several projectors were referred to the decision of Capt. Alderson, R.E., he reported that "*the direct line is the best between London and Brighton;*" and finally, on July 8, 1837, the Bill received the royal assent, but with this proviso, that the total capital of 1,800,000*l.* be raised by the shareholders of the different lines in the following proportions:

	£
The direct line (Rastrick).....	550,000
Stephenson's	550,000
Gibbs's.....	270,000
Cundy's	100,000
South-Eastern.....	330,000
	£1,800,000

The works were proceeded with forthwith, and in February, 1839, the first permanent rail on the London and Brighton line was laid down at Hassock's Gate. In May the following year the short branch line to Shoreham was opened; on the 12th of July, 1841, the main line was opened from London to Hayward's Heath, thirteen miles from Brighton; and finally, September 21 of the same year, the whole line was opened with great ceremony by the directors, and a numerous assemblage invited to do honour to the occasion. The total cost of the undertaking amounted to 2,569,359*l.*, about 300,000*l.* of which were raised by a supplemental Act. Since its opening to the present time, we are happy to say that only two accidents, attended with loss of life to passengers, have taken place;

viz., in October, 1841, when a train went off the line near Hayward's Heath, causing the death of two passengers, and more recently on the Lewes branch, when a train was precipitated over a bridge, killing two passengers.

There are five tunnels on the main line; one at Merstham, 1 mile 3 chains in length, two others at Patcham and Clayton, near Brighton, 2 furlongs $6\frac{1}{2}$ chains, and 1 mile 2 furlongs 4 chains long respectively, a fourth at Hayward's Heath, 1 furlong $3\frac{1}{2}$ chains, and a fifth under Balcombe Common, 6 furlongs 3 chains in length. The three first are cut through the chalk formation, the two last through the sand of the Tilgate Forest strata, giving great difficulty in their formation, owing to the vast number of landsprings that constantly interfered with the progress of the work. There are three viaducts: first, the *Vale Bridge Viaduct*, of eight arches, 32 feet in span over the river Mole; secondly, the *Ouse Viaduct*, over the stream of that name, 1476 feet long, consisting of thirty-seven semicircular brick arches, varying from 50 to 98 feet in height; and lastly, the *New England Viaduct*, not far from Brighton, a structure of three arches, 45 feet high, composed of brick and stone. The heaviest embankments are at Earlswood Common, and Hassock's Gate, the last containing nearly a million cubic yards of earth. The deepest cutting on the main line is at Merstham, where it is two miles long, and ranges between 80 and 120 feet in height. The summit level of the line is 130 feet above the sea.

The total length of the line from London Bridge to Shoreham is somewhat more than fifty-six miles; and from Shoreham to Portsmouth is a branch called the *Portsmouth Line*, forty miles in length. This latter line, which was opened to Chichester June 8, 1846, contains few features of engineering, the only points worth notice being the *Hove Tunnel*, just after leaving the Brighton terminus, the *Adur Viaduct*, 550 yards long, and the *Telescope Bridge* over the Arun, the first of the kind ever constructed. It consists of two moveable parts, the principal one composed of two strong timber frames, $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, formed of timbers a foot square, and moving lengthwise on eighteen friction-wheels, each 6 feet in diameter. This part is 144 feet long; and the estimated weight of the woodwork, without reckoning the iron straps, bolts, &c., is ninety tons.

The *Hastings Line* was opened to Lewes on June 8, 1846, the remaining portion to Hastings three weeks afterwards. It leaves the main line at Brighton by the *Preston Viaduct*, a noble structure of stone and white brick, 400 yards long, 67 feet high in the middle, where it crosses the old London-road, and consists of one

central elliptical arch, 50 feet in span, and twenty-six others, of semicircular shape, and 30 feet in span. It is built on a strong curve, the outer or northern edge being 45 feet longer than that on the south side. Ten millions of bricks were used in its construction, and it has altogether a most magnificent appearance, from whatever point it may be viewed. The next work of magnitude is what is termed a *skew bridge*, on which the railway crosses the old Lewes road, a structure of three arches, 60 feet in span: it is wholly built of bricks, of which it required about two millions! The principal tunnel passes beneath the village of Falmer, and is 500 yards long. After passing Lewes, the first work of any magnitude is the telescope-bridge over the Ouse, similar to that over the Arun at Littlehampton, being 150 feet long, 25 feet broad between the parapets, and 28 feet high from the river's bottom, while the chief opening for vessels is $36\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide; and there are three others, each of 30 feet span, and raised 35 feet above the water. It is built of wood, on brick foundations, and upwards of 20,000 cubic feet of timber and twenty-four tons of iron were used in its construction.

It only remains to be added, that there are four branch lines, of no great length: one to Horsham, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles long; a second from Lewes to Newhaven, of $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, for the purposes of the packet-service to Dieppe (this being the nearest route to Paris); a third to Hailsham, three miles long; a fourth to Eastbourne; and now a fifth is in course of construction to East Grinstead, and another is contemplated from Woodgate to Bognor. We will just add a few words concerning the packet-service from Newhaven to Dieppe. In 1847 the Brighton Railway Company established a line of first-rate steamers to run between these ports, which, for reasons uninteresting to our readers, were for a time discontinued; but in 1850 a service between Newhaven and Jersey was commenced with a small steamer, the proprietors of which undertook in 1851 a service between Newhaven and Dieppe, which has since been continued, and will be followed during the coming year by new vessels of increased power, the Company being anxious to take advantage of the fact that geographically this is the nearest route to Paris from London. Much credit is due to the Board of Directors for the energetic way in which they have unceasingly grappled with difficulties that at first sight would have appeared almost insurmountable. The Company have also first-rate steamers devoted solely to the carrying on of the Newhaven and Jersey service, and for which the public are much indebted to the Directors.

OFFICIAL
ILLUSTRATED GUIDE
TO THE
BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RAILWAYS.

CHAPTER I.

Importance and Central Position of the Railway Terminus—Its Description—
Greenwich Junction—New Cross—Sydenham—Norwood—Croydon—Merstham
—Reigate and its Environs.

THE terminus at London Bridge, which forms the metropolitan end of the Brighton and South Coast Railways, is, from early morn till long after dewy eve, the scene of a traffic and bustle unequalled perhaps in any other part of "modern Babylon," for it is the starting-place of four of our great leading iron roads—the Greenwich Railway, the North Kent line, and the various branches belonging to the South-Eastern Company, and lastly, of the Brighton and South Coast Railways, of which this "Official Illustrated Guide" proposes to give a description, together with the country and the leading towns through or near which they pass. The average weekly traffic returns of the combined lines show that a greater number of persons arrive at, and depart from, this busy station than from any other (the North-Western excepted) in London.

The position, too, of the London terminus is more decidedly central than that of any other in the metropolis—in the midst of a dense trading and manufacturing population, at the foot of a noble bridge, over which more passengers, horses, and vehicles pass than over the other six together,—near the Bank of England and all the great banking establishments of London, whose united wealth would far exceed the revenues of many an European state—near the Exchange and Lloyd's, where all the shipping business of the first commercial country in the world is transacted—near

the Stock Exchange, the India House, Custom House, and Coal Exchange—near the business-offices and warehouses of the first commercial firms in the world; and lastly, near the Docks, and the busy port of London, which yearly receives and sends forth some three thousand vessels, besides about the same number of its own engaged in foreign trade, importing and exporting merchandise to an aggregate amount of about 70,000,000*l.* sterling, and has besides about 320 steam-vessels, foreign and coasters, independently of receiving upwards of 10,000 vessels in the coal trade, which bring on an average 3,000,000 tons of coals for the consumption of the metropolis. In fact, we may say with the poet Cowper:

Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so *drain'd*, and so supplied
As London—opulent, enlarg'd, and still
Increasing London?

The importance of the port of London, too, is sufficiently evident from the fact, that the amount of customs received here has averaged for the last five years upwards of 11,000,000*l.* sterling, nearly half of the aggregate amount for the United Kingdom. From these statements, it is abundantly clear that no spot more happy could have been selected for a great trunk-terminus like that at the southern side of London Bridge.

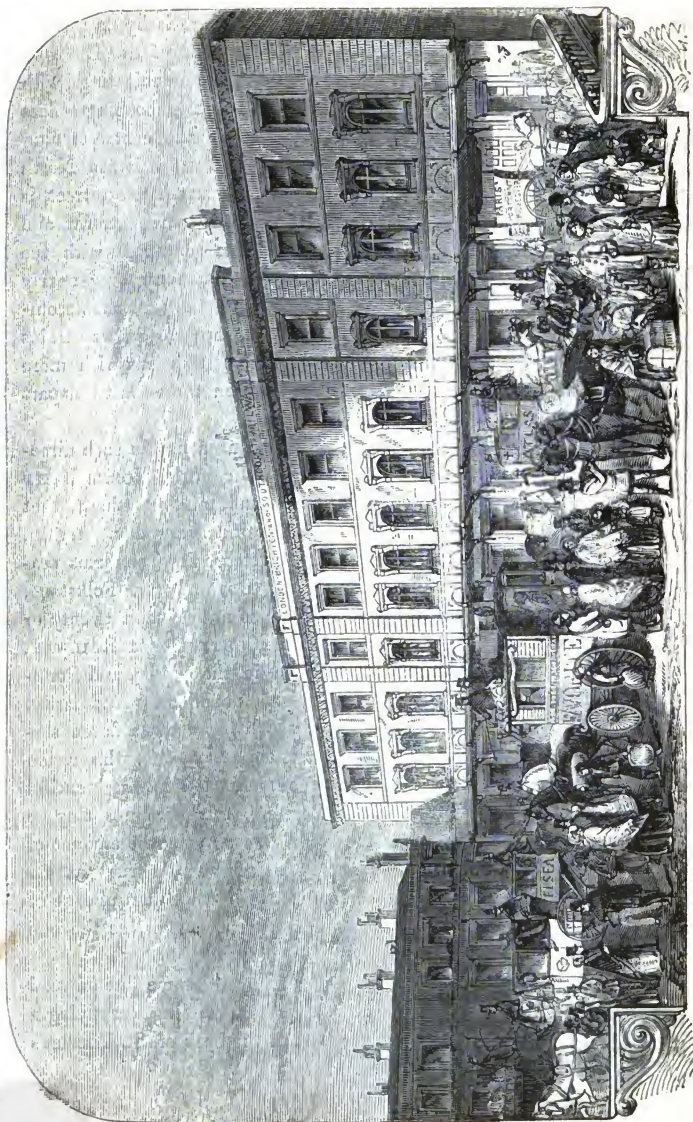
On the antiquities of London Bridge and the immediate neighbourhood of the terminus in the borough of Southwark, we have already enlarged in our “Illustrated Guide to the South-Eastern Railway” (to which we beg to refer our readers). The vast progress that Southwark has made in civilisation and wealth is sufficiently proved by the fact, that what was once but a large village, now contains a busy, trading, and manufacturing population of 173,000 persons.

In fact, “the Borough”—as it is called—that part of the metropolis immediately adjoining the terminus, has now become to all the district round it what the city of London long was to Southwark—the source whence it obtained all its wealth and supplies. Neither must we forget to mention that the Borough contains the great hop-market of England, the prices of which regulate those in all other places, and likewise that in Bermondsey there is a new leather and skin-market, which already bids fair wholly to supersede the old establishment in Leadenhall-street. Thus, then, it will be seen, that through the arts of industry exclusively, Southwark has attained her present importance; nor can there be any doubt that opportunities for its exercise have been already, and still will be, vastly enlarged by the facilities for speedy transport offered by railway-communication.

The approach to the Terminus from London Bridge is by an ascending incline, bounded on the south-west by the grounds of St. Thomas's Hospital, and north-east by a range of shops communicating with Tooley-street. The southern part is occupied by the booking-offices of the Brighton and South Coast Railways, while the centre, facing the approach-road, forms the Dover office, beyond which is the North Kent booking-office; and north of this again, nearest Tooley-street, is the office of the Greenwich Railway; so that on the same platform, and beneath the same roof, there is all the machinery connected with the arrival and departure traffic of three great lines travelling over nearly 500 miles of the southern counties. Every arrangement for the accommodation of travellers is most complete; and perhaps no railway trains leave the metropolis and arrive at their several destinations with more punctuality to the time specified in the tables than those which depart from, or arrive at, this terminus.

The GREENWICH trade alone employs sixty trains a day in each direction; and then there is a rapidly-increasing traffic on the NORTH KENT LINE, communicating with Woolwich, Gravesend, and Chatham, that employs twenty-two down and eighteen up-trains every day. Again, there is the SOUTH-EASTERN proper, which stretches its iron arms seaward to Whitstable, Margate and Ramsgate, Deal, Dover, Folkestone, Rye, and Hastings, sending in various directions no less than twenty or thirty trains a day. Besides these, we have the SOUTH COAST RAILWAY, which grasps Hastings at one end, Brighton in the middle, and Portsmouth at the western extremity of its sea-side boundary. And lastly, there is the CROYDON AND EPSOM branch, which has about a dozen stations to accommodate the merchants, professional men, &c., who reside with their families away from the smoke of busy London in the beautiful district of East Surrey. On the whole, therefore, this Terminus may be reckoned as second only to that of the North-Western in the amount of traffic, of which it is the channel; and it is indisputably true, that no other terminus in the metropolis commands, with the same mileage of railway, so many watering-places and other pleasure towns, as the one at London Bridge.

The Brighton Terminus, though approached by the same line of road as the Greenwich and South-Eastern, is a distinct building, occupying a considerable space to the south of them, and at the back of St. Thomas's



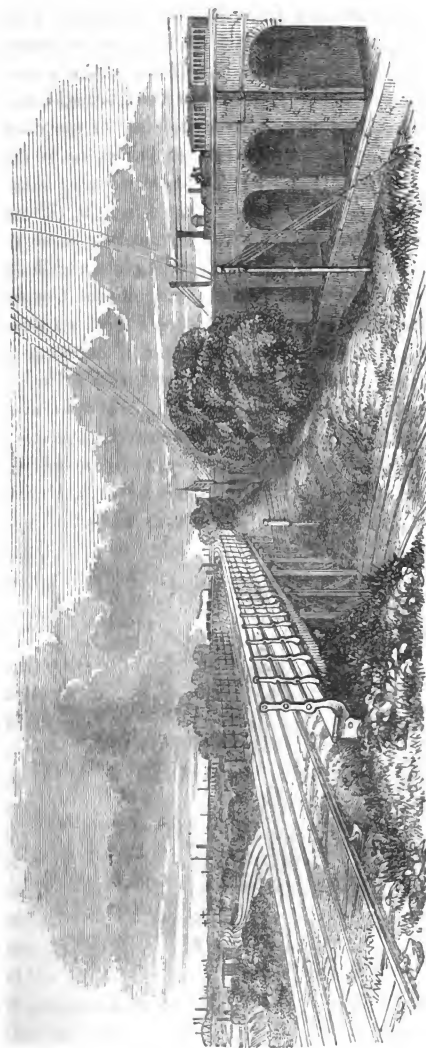
NEW TERMINUS OF THE BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAYS, LONDON BRIDGE.

Hospital. Of the external appearance of the new Terminus at London Bridge our engraving gives so accurate a representation, that it is unnecessary to give any lengthened description. Of the general arrangements we are enabled, through the kindness of the Company, to give some particulars. The front will be in the Italian style, with rusticated pilasters and quoins, consisting of two handsome stories, lighted by thirteen windows, rising from a basement-story, in front of which is a verandah with ornamented iron brackets projecting over the footway, with a mask raised above the central portion, and bearing the inscription "The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway." On the left are the doors leading to the Crystal Palace Terminus, and on the other side those belonging to the Brighton and general traffic. The halls will be extremely handsome; and it is not too much to say, that this will be as fine a terminus as any in London.

As railway time, however, like the tide of the sea, stops for no one; and the well-known sounds of bell, whistle, and throbbing engine, with the slamming and locking of doors, &c., proclaim the moment of departure, we must now take our places in the train;—and, by way of commencing our functions as *cicerone* or guide to our fellow-passengers, we would respectfully bid them, as they slowly leave the station, carefully to cast their eyes around them and notice the great width and magnificent proportions of the approaches, elevated as they are on a gigantic platform of brickwork and masonry some eighty feet above the natural level of the streets around, and occupying a space of nearly ten acres. But this is not all; for nearly the whole of the line to New Cross is carried over the low ground that intervenes between London and Deptford on a series of arches, some five hundred in number, most of which—like everything else in London—are turned to an useful purpose, either as stores, lumber-depositories, dwellings, or stables. Hence, therefore, our fellow-travellers will scarcely be surprised to find that, for the first mile or so, their eyes are met on either side by chimney-tops and house-roofs, vistas of narrow streets teeming with a busy, but withal a poor population, interspersed, too, here and there with tan-yards, fellmongers' premises, leather-warehouses, and glue-factories—altogether, a smoky, dirty, and unsavoury locality, not holding a very desirable place in the sanitary statistics of London. Yet even this spot is not without some features of architectural and historic interest; for close on the right of the line, soon after leaving the terminus, will be

seen the beautiful building of St. Olave's Grammar School (founded by the inhabitants in 1561), a stone edifice in the Tudor style, the elegance of which contrasts rather oddly with the squalid neighbourhood; and a little further on, where the ground begins to be less densely cumbered with workshops and tenements, the pretty new church of St. Bermondsey greets the eye, on what used to be, and perhaps is still, called the Deptford Lower-road; while on the left, directly below, may be seen, close by the river, old *Bermondsey Church* (no remnant, however, of the celebrated abbey that in bygone times gave hospitable entertainment to princes), and about half a mile beyond, *Rotherhithe Church*, a brick building of little pretension, though serviceable as indicating the southern entrance to the Thames Tunnel, which is close by its side. The eye likewise travels over forests of masts belonging to vessels in the river and docks, and may occasionally get a glimpse of the Custom House and Tower, together with a host of steeples, including the elegant one of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East (perhaps the *chef d'œuvre* of Sir Christopher Wren), the low tower of St. John's, Wapping, and the steeples of St. George's-in-the-East and Limehouse Church. Our observant readers will also notice, that as soon as ever they emerge from the crowd of chimney-pots and house-tops around the terminus, they may see on the verge of the distant hills to the right the gigantic, but fairy structure of the *Sydenham Crystal Palace*, the boast of the present, and the wonder of future generations.

The course of the railway, however, instead of continuing near the river-bank, passes in a direction about E.S.E. through an extensive track of ground formerly a mere marsh, but now partially built on, though for the most part laid out in market gardens for the supply of the metropolis with vegetables; and at length, soon after passing the second mile-post, we arrive at the GREENWICH JUNCTION,—that point, where the Brighton line turns out of the old and original Greenwich track to pursue its way to New Cross. On the south, also, at this part of the rail, may be noticed a junction-line coming from the BRICKLAYERS' ARMS TERMINUS in the Dover-road (where there is a luggage depôt for the joint convenience of the Brighton and South-Eastern Companies), one branch of which, connecting with the North Kent line, passes, as will be seen in our engraving, about twenty feet below the main line going to Croydon and Brighton. Before finally leaving the river, too, we may



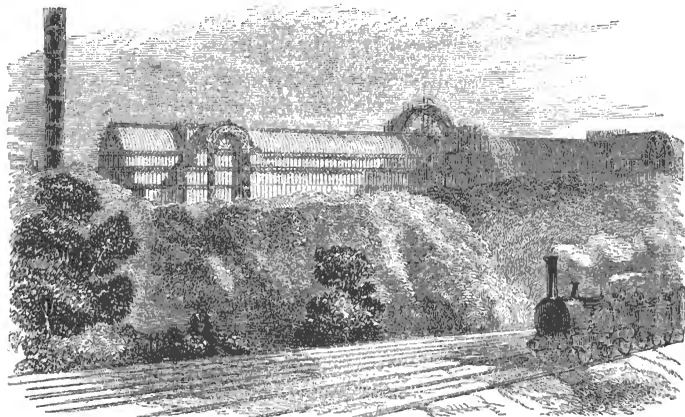
GREENWICH JUNCTION.

notice, for a mile or so on the left or north-east, the New Commercial Docks on the Surrey side, and the West India Docks and City Canal on the opposite bank, both localities pretty clearly indicated by the forest of masts which rise within them.

The completion of the third mile brings us to New Cross Station, where the Brighton Company has a dépôt and establishment for building and

repairing engines, carriages, &c. It lies close to the turnpike-road to Greenwich, and has been the means of raising a mere straggling hamlet into a populous town, now chiefly remarkable for being the site of the Royal Naval School, erected under the auspices of the late good Queen Dowager Adelaide, opened in 1845, and presenting a long and handsome frontage of red brick, faced with stone. The next

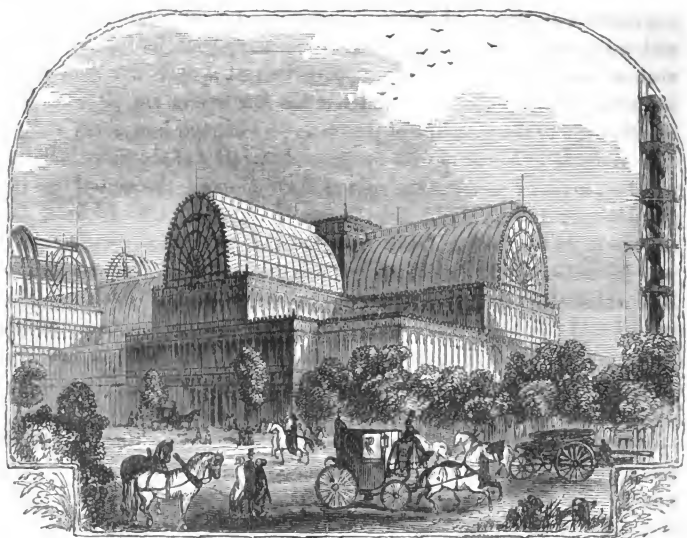
two miles and a half of the line are chiefly through a cutting that precludes all view of the surrounding country; and we then arrive at the DARTMOUTH ARMS STATION, at Forest Hill, one of those pretty picturesque spots (so frequent in our suburbs) that has been brought into notice by the railway, and hence fixed on as a favourite site for the villas of business men daily visiting London. A mile further brings us to the SYDENHAM STATION ($6\frac{1}{2}$ miles from London); and here we may pause for a brief moment to notice the pretty church of that delightful village, as well as the remarkable richness and beauty of the surrounding scenery; neither must we omit to mention Dulwich and its splendid picture-gallery, about a mile and a half from this station, nor the magnificent *Crystal Palace*, built on an old estate formerly known as *Penge Place*, standing in a noble park of 290 acres, and already showing promise of outvying in size and beauty the late Palace of Industry in Hyde Park, and of which we now proceed to give a brief description, accompanying the same with engravings from drawings taken by the kind permission of the Secretary and Board of Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, to whom we beg to acknowledge our thanks for their courtesy, reserving, however, a more detailed description and additional engravings for our next edition.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE AS SEEN FROM THE LINE.

A glance at Sir Joseph Paxton's design is at once convincing as to its surpassing majesty and beauty. How immensely wide, for instance, is the span of those iron arches which support the vast semicircular roofs of the naves and transepts, at whose intersection low towers are placed, which add no little to the grandeur of the plan;—and again, how novel, and yet how perfectly in harmony with the general character of the entire building, are those arched recesses at the ends of the transepts,—the central one 194 feet high, by 120 in width, and the others 150 feet high, 72 wide, and uniformly 24 feet deep. Down from the end of each of these transepts will descend broad flights of steps towards the gardens, and a noble terrace will extend along the entire side of the building;—besides which, two glass towers, 230 feet high, apart from, but connected with, the main building by a covered way leading to the railway-station, will form an imposing feature in the scene, and visitors ascending to their summit will see spread beneath them such an assemblage of natural and artificial beauties,—sparkling fountains and graceful statues, noble trees, flowering shrubs and exotic plants of gorgeous blossoms,—such as were never before seen at a single view. The water-works in particular will be on a scale of grandeur hitherto unknown, and fully five times as extensive as those so long celebrated in the gardens of Versailles; for “supplied from great reservoirs placed on the summit of the two towers above mentioned at either end of the building, the waters will first be seen as cascades tumbling through the arches of the first terrace, to the right and left of the grand central archway,—appearing, as they descend, not to pass beneath, but rather to bound over the archways of the lowest terrace, and allowing visitors to walk under them, as at Niagara.” Thus, on each side of the principal approach, the waters will hurry along in roaring cataracts or rapids, filling in their way innumerable tazza-shaped fountains, and at last terminating far down the park in two large circular basins, 2000 feet in length, and each 380 feet in diameter, in the centre of which will rise pyramidal fountains, having about 180 jets each, the largest of which is to throw up water to the height of 230 feet, while four dancing fountains round them rise 130 feet, and outside of these, again, sixteen others to a height of 90 feet. Of a truth, there is nothing of the kind in the world which at all approaches in magnificence the display of water-works here contemplated.



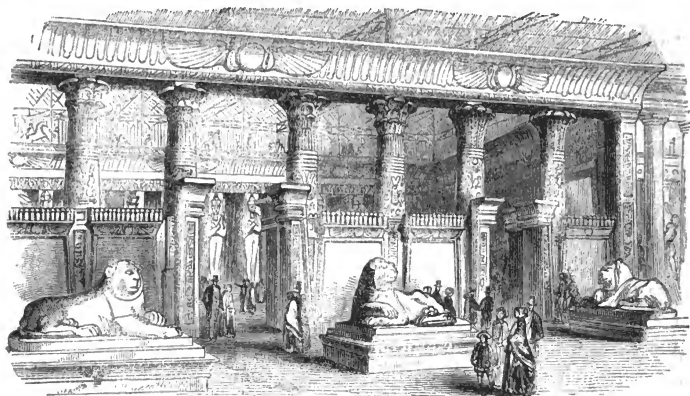


EXTERIOR OF THE SOUTH END OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The south end of the Crystal Palace is now complete (Nov., 1853), and the greater part of the space in it allotted to different manufacturers : the classification and assortment of the various articles which are to occupy this portion of the building will be proceeded with in the approaching winter. More distant wings and transepts are being raised and glazed ; and immediately facing the visitors' entrance at the west end is placed a cast of the well-known statue of King Charles I. Our business *at present*, however, is not with what is to be, but *what is*—viz., the building in progress. Most of the rows of upper galleries have been completed ; and at the termination of all the transepts a massive iron column, resting upon a firm foundation, rises upwards through the whole series of galleries to the arched roofs. Round each of these columns winds a spiral staircase, with a high decorated balustrade, which serves the double purpose of giving easy access to the upper part of the edifice, and an artistic and tasteful finish to the terminations. The effect of all these apparently twisted columns, stand-

ing out in bold relief against the clear glass walls of the Palace, is striking and whimsical in the extreme, though to maintain the free circulation of visitors, it will be necessary, before the building is opened, to provide other and wider channels of communication. Ascending these spiral stairs to the fifth gallery tier at the west end, a magnificent view is commanded over the whole extent of the works within the Palace. Though this position does not permit the grander objects of the design, such as the glass dome and great transept, to be seen, it yet affords admirable facilities for judging of the general architectural effect of the centre transept, which runs from east to west along the whole length of the building. It is here that the unity of parts to a whole, and the harmony and fitness of the internal structure, become strikingly apparent. The want of imposing architectural features was much missed in the Great Exhibition, and nowhere more than in the design which prescribed a flat roof to the greater part of that edifice. Having had ample time to carry out a more elaborate plan, this fault has been avoided at Sydenham, and in place of the level uniformity which bounded the view at Hyde Park, light and graceful arches spring across the centre transept. The internal painting, so far as it has gone, also, shows that a great improvement is intended on the decorative style of 1851. At Sydenham the eye is not pained and dazzled with a bewildering succession of piebald columns, red, yellow, and blue. The greater part of the finished building is coloured chocolate red and white, and it is intended to finish the whole in the same manner. Upon the long array of transept-arches painted in this style the effect is beautiful; for, while it harmonises and lightens the whole tenor of the design, it apparently raises the height of the building to a much greater altitude than it really reaches. Standing at the west end, and looking down the building to the east, there is much in the view to interest the general visitor. The north end of the building, however, is by no means in a forward state; for, at present, at least, the lovely azure and regular succession of the arches of the west transept terminates abruptly amid the intricate mass of scaffold timbers which support the still unfinished northern portions of the roof; neither are any of the terminations of the north nave yet put in, and the eye, after passing through an apparently interminable range of arches and timbers, rests at last upon the open sky, from which, in consequence of the similarity of colours, the distant parts of the building can scarcely be distinguished.

The building itself, however, beautiful as it is, will be quite secondary in interest when compared with its multitudinous and varied contents; for here, to take one branch only of its fairy wonders, we shall walk in hundred-gated Thebes, and commune as it were with the Pharaohs of Egypt,

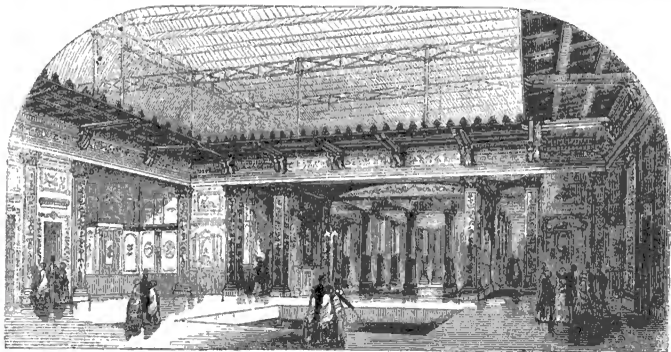


EGYPTIAN COURT, ENTRANCE FROM THE NAVE.

gaze on Baalbec and Palmyra, roam through the exhumed Pompeii, and behold, as they were in the proudest days of the Moors, the many-fountained courts of the Alhambra: in fact, whatever can be brought, whether from the eastern or western world, to illustrate the grandeur of God's works and the skill of man's, will be here produced and arranged to yield mutual support and confirmation.

The *House at Pompeii*, however, merits a description somewhat more in detail. It adjoins the south transept, and has been built after the manner of the exhumed House of the Tragic Poet in that ill-fated city. The first room entered is the *atrium*, or vestibule, in general the most highly decorated of all—as being the most important room of the house; for here it was that the family met, visitors were received, and strangers were introduced to the owners. It is open to the sky; and so admirably is it restored, that you see the peculiarly built roof, with its tiles and ornaments sloping towards the rich cornice, supported by groups of winged figures and elaborate sculpture,—with a series of scenes between them connected with the chase, the figures being white, on a claret ground. The

walls are covered with elaborate paintings of *ballerini*, centaurs and *bacchante*, sea-monsters and other fabulous animals, together with an abundance of floral and other ornamental detail most delicately executed. In



POMPEIAN COURT.

the centre of the hall is the *impluvium*, or cistern for holding water, provided with an ornamental fountain. The smaller rooms connected with the above are decorated with similar paintings,—and so is the *tablinum*, which communicates with the apartment beyond. On each side of the last-mentioned room are small apartments, called *alæ*, or wings, giving a very correct idea of the confined, dark chambers in which the ancients spent their privacy; but the *tablinum* must be considered as the most showy part of the house—that in which the statues, pictures, and other ornaments of *vertù* were congregated, in order to impress visitors with the master's wealth and dignity. Passing through this room again, we reach the most important of the private apartments—the *peristyle*—open likewise to the sky, and surrounded by a colonnade, the walls of which are richly toned with paintings, and the floors admirably executed in mosaic. In fact, this series of rooms furnishes a very perfect idea of all deemed essential for display by the owners, who lived much in public either in the atrium or peristyle, while their private retiring rooms were inconveniently small and gloomy. We may just mention, for the benefit of our country cousins, as Sheridan once said, that Pompeii, an ancient city of Naples, was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79, though not buried so deep under ashes and lava as Herculaneum, which was overwhelmed at the same time. It remained hidden till 1750, when it was discovered by some peasants digging in a vineyard near the river Sarno.

We insert here a fair representation of the celebrated group of casts from the Medici Tomb at Florence, sculptured by Michael Angelo, now in the Louvre; and a few words relative to the sculptures in the



Crystal Palace will not be out of place. The extraordinary collection made by the Company is in many respects the most remarkable and gigantic ever yet brought together, embracing as it does the finest examples of all times and countries—from the splendid productions of ancient Greece (where a statue was a sacred personation), Egypt, Assyria, and Babylon, down to our own time. Our limited space will not allow us to give even a condensed list of the treasures to be seen in that part of the palace devoted to this glorious purpose; we can only glance at some of the principal objects.

The friezes of the Parthenon—what emotions these must ever produce in the mind of the beholder! To describe them here is impossible. And, again, the marvellous beauty of the detached statues—Dionysus, and a thousand others; the Townley sculptures; the Egyptian Tumbler, at which we in our boyhood gazed with open eyes and mouth; the vases, columns, votive figures, the Nisroch of Assyria, the deities of Egypt—all, all are here. The public have not the slightest idea of the treat in store for them at the opening of this the eighth wonder of the world.

The gardens, too, are beginning to assume a more definite shape; and

is not difficult now to comprehend the grand idea of Sir Joseph Paxton. Terrace after terrace, with their magnificent flights of stairs, their ornamental fountains and parterres, leading by gentle descents to enormous reservoirs, surrounded by sloping banks and overshadowed by trees, give us some anticipations of the noble scene on which we shall gaze next summer;—besides which, the wall of the upper terrace has a series of niches, each containing a fountain, which will constantly pour water from dolphins into basins, and thence into great tanks which occupy each side of the grand central staircase.

The most wonderful and novel part of the gardens, however, will be found in the fossil-house, which is in course of preparation under the superintendence of Professor Owen and Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, and contains accurate reproductions of

Monsters inhabiting the land,—
Monsters of the vasty deep, and
Gigantic amphibious monsters of the old creation—

as the *Labyrinthodon*, or gigantic frog, the dragon-like *Plesiosaurus*, the huge *Megatherium* and *Iguanodon*, with resuscitated mammoths, tapirs, elks, and, in short, a complete antediluvian menagerie,—all so arranged as to furnish a most instructive lesson in Fossil Geology.

The condition of the ground strikingly illustrates the amount of work going forward at the Palace. The earth is at one place cut into deep and rugged hollows, and at the next cumbered with mounds of gravel, piles of iron pillars, trusses, girders, and transept ribs. Beyond these, again, are high crates packed full of fine casts, and curious specimens, with here and there trees in full foliage, the rough bark and rugged arms of which exhibit a strong and striking contrast to the smooth and gracefully-tapering columns by which they are surrounded; and all this seen at one glance, amid the din of hammers, the clang of beaten iron, the blowing of huge pairs of bellows, sawing of wood, falling of heavy beams, and shouting of the workmen, gives the visitor some idea of how busily the labours at the Crystal Palace are going forward. But far different views are to be obtained from these west-end galleries than those exclusively pertaining to the busy work of men. The unrivalled prospects which can be seen from the summit of the Crystal Palace will rank foremost among its attractions to the lovers of the picturesque. Standing at the south front of the west end, the visitor looks down on a landscape which, for rich and peaceful beauty, may well bear comparison with any

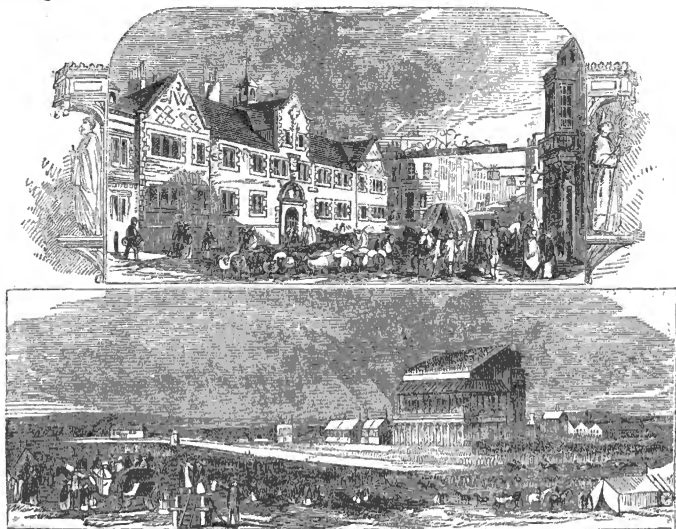
in these islands. Passing over the rough, unfinished, palace garden beneath, with its rows of stately terraces and 1500 workmen moving about like ants upon the earth, the eye takes in an extent of country for forty miles around, bright with all the colours which varied masses of foliage and the softer green of meadow lands impart to English scenery.

On the west, the round chalky downs of Epsom attract the eye ; and near them on the horizon, the mariner's beacon—the far-famed *Knockholt Beeches*—stands prominently forth. Following the semicircle which the horizon makes, the visitor in turn surveys as on a map the purple heather and barren aspect of the high hills of Addington, the pretty little Gothic church and village of Penge, with its neat smiling rows of almshouses, and the tall white spire of *Beckenham Church* peeping modestly forth from among the gigantic elms which surround it. To the east the landscape is not less varied or less circumscribed ; for in that direction Sydenham, Lewisham, Shooter's-hill, and an almost bird's-eye view of Greenwich, with its adjacent dockyards, stately hospital, and little dots of hills, can be seen at a glance ; and looking over these again you catch glimpses of the river and long low line of Essex shore, until both are insensibly lost in the deep blue of the distance. Such descriptions convey but a faint idea of the prospect from the south front of the building ; that obtainable over London and its environs, when the northern galleries are completed, will be unequalled for variety and extent.

Sydenham is a hamlet belonging to the parish of Lewisham, and, besides its church, has two places of worship for Independents and one for Wesleyan Methodists, with a national school and two infant schools. Its population in 1851 amounted to 4000. About a mile and a half to the south-east is the village of *Beckenham*, beautifully situated on a slight eminence, and surrounded by fine parks, villas, &c., including *Langley Park* and the palace of the Bishop of Rochester. Another mile brings us to **ANERLEY STATION**, close to which are some pretty rural gardens, much resorted to by holiday-folks ; and about a mile beyond we arrive at the **NORWOOD STATION**, close to a road-side inn, yclept the "Jolly Sailor," now raised to the dignity of a tavern or hotel. Both these stations lead to the village of Norwood, a very picturesque and healthy place, situated on the slopes and summit of a hill commanding a magnificent panoramic view of the entire metropolis and the country round it. Norwood, in days gone by, was celebrated as the sylvan haunt of gipseys ; but they have now all but disappeared, and the most remarkable fea-

ture—and assuredly a more interesting one—is the Pauper Industrial School, under the direction of Mr. Aubyn, an establishment admirably managed and well worth inspection, containing upwards of 1000 boys and girls. There are two churches, one on the summit of Beulah Hill, near the Spa so called—the other in Lower Norwood, near the South Metropolitan Cemetery; besides which there are three Dissenting chapels, several schools, and a Roman Catholic institution or nunnery for orphans. We may notice here, also, just as we approach Croydon, the junction of the Epsom branch of the Croydon Railway.

We are now, after having travelled for the last two miles through a fine open country, which commands good views of the surrounding neighbourhood, at the CROYDON STATION (which is in the eastern quarter of that town), the terminus of the Croydon Railway, $10\frac{1}{4}$ miles from London Bridge.



CROYDON HIGH STREET, AND GRAND STAND, EPSOM.

Croydon (anciently called *Croindene*) is a market-town of Surrey, about 10 miles south-east of Kingston, and $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of London, on the edge of Banstead Downs, and near the source of the Wandle. The parish

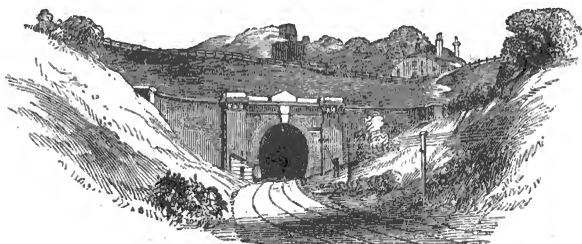
comprises an area of 9821 acres, and in 1851 had a population of 20,031 persons. Croydon is a place of great antiquity, consisting of one street about a mile long from north to south, with another east and west, and several of smaller size; the houses being mostly well built and substantial, some of the more modern even handsome, while the streets are well paved and lighted with gas. The church, built towards the close of the fourteenth century, consists of a nave and two chancels, with a handsome square tower of flintwork; and on the whole it ranks as one of the finest examples of ecclesiastical architecture in this country. The interior has been well restored, and contains a few splendid tombs of some of our most renowned primates—as Archbishops Grindall, Whitgift, Sheldon, Wake, Potter, and Herring—besides other interesting monuments: the living is a vicarage worth about 600*l.* a year, in the gift of the archbishop. Croydon has likewise two handsome district churches (one on the common, the other at the south end), with six Dissenting chapels and a Friends' meeting-house; besides which there are several national, British, and infant schools, with a fine hospital endowed by Archbishop Whitgift, several almshouses and a charity school endowed by Archbishop Tenison in 1714. The principal other buildings are the town-hall and court-house, the barracks on the Mitcham-road, the prison, and the theatre; besides which, on Duppas Hill, west of the town, is a large union workhouse. The summer assizes are held here alternately with Guildford, and petty sessions are held weekly; it being also the principal polling-place for East Surrey. The manor of Croydon was conferred on the see of Canterbury soon after the Conquest, and is still held by the primates, who long had a palace here, partly pulled down in 1780, and partly converted into private dwellings. The archbishops, however, have amply supplied its place in *Addington Park*, a fine estate of several hundred acres (about three miles east-south-east of the town), which was purchased of the Trecothicks, its former proprietors, in 1807, for 25,000*l.* The mansion, a square, stone building, has been greatly improved, by the erection of a chapel, library, &c.; and, though it is not a baronial residence like Auckland or Farnham castles, it has all the conveniences for a large establishment; and the park, which is very retired and rural, commands delightful views both in Surrey and Kent. The neighbourhood of Croydon, moreover, has within a circuit of two miles several parks and villa residences, picturesquely scattered about, including *Addis-*

combe House, erected by Sir John Vanburgh, and decorated by the equally celebrated Sir James Thornhill. In the sixteenth century it was possessed by the Heron family, and in later times it was successively occupied by Lord Chancellor Talbot (who died here), Lords Grantham and Liverpool, but purchased in 1809 by the East India Company, and by them converted into a military college for the education of cadets for the engineers and artillery, which is managed by a competent staff of professors, and attended by about 500 resident pupils, all under the superintending inspection of General Sir C. W. Pasley, K.C.B.

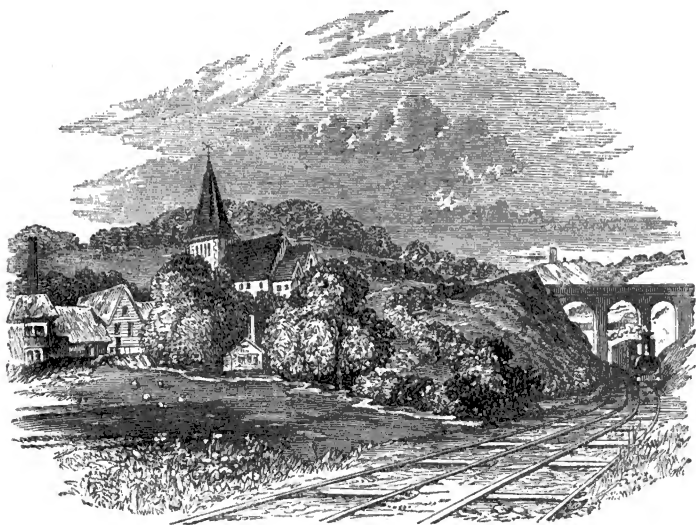
We shall tarry here awhile, however, to run down the Epsom branch, terminating in the town of Epsom, which is situated 16 miles east-north-east of Guildford, having an area of 3970 acres, and a population of about 6000. The medicinal spa from which the sulphate of magnesia, known as Epsom salts, is taken, was discovered in the year 1618, from which time it in consequence became a fashionable watering-place; but like other towns which are ruled by fashion's laws, it became deserted after a time, and would have been long since forgotten had not its downs recommended it as a place suitable for a race-course; and it has been calculated that during the race-week 300,000 to 400,000 persons visit the town. A Grand Stand was erected in 1829 for the use of the visitors: it is 156 feet in width, including the terrace, and 60 feet in depth, and can accommodate nearly 5000. Who has not heard of Epsom Downs on the Derby Day?—Who, within a railway-ride of the modern Babylon, has not seen the rank of fleet, noble steeds rounding Tattenham Corner?—Who has not laughed and laughed again at the adventures and misadventures of the road home—the dusty millers of gentlemen—the rollicking, Champagne-elated young ladies, *et hoc genus omne*? What coral-mouthed pretty lass has not won scores of kid-gloves in betting on Running Rein or West Australian?—And what myriads of gents and gentlemen, too, have not returned from those said chalk downs, sadder and wiser men than they went, with a gloomy settling-day looming in their future? But we forget—with the rail we have to do not the races. This branch is eight miles long, passes to the north of *Beddington Park*, the time-honoured demesne of the Carews, once honoured by the presence of our Virgin Queen, Elizabeth—and still worth a visit for the sake of its baronial halls and venerable church—thence close to the pretty village of *Carshalton* and near *Carshalton Park*, from which point it

trends west-south-west over *Banstead Downs*, between Cheam Warren and the late Dr. Mayo's splendid school (alas! no longer Pestalozzian, for the presiding genius has fled aloft), along the skirts of *Norwich Park*—once the scene of gay revels in the days of Queen Bess—by the back of shady *Ewell*, and thence to Epsom.

Wend we now our way towards Reigate, through the broad, open valley called Smitham Bottom, past *Hayling House* on the west, and *Selsdon Park* on an eminence to the east, with *Purley House*, once the residence of the celebrated philologist and Radical politician, Horne Tooke, who hence somewhat oddly called his great work on Universal Grammar the "Diversions of Purley," and *Sanderstead Place*, to the STOAT'S-NEST STATION, about a mile from the little village of Coulsdon, near which are *Coulsdon Court* and *Hurtley*. A couple of miles further, and we pass close by the village of *Chipstead*, whose church, standing on a pretty high hill, is a good example of the early Norman style with semicircular arches and zigzag sculpture. The parsonage-house, an old gabled mansion of the sixteenth century, most romantically situated, is as well worth a visit as the church; and indeed the whole parish is full of rural, picturesque scenery that will amply repay the artist's inspection, including the manors of *Shabden Park* and *Pirbright*. About a mile to the east, too, across the hill on the opposite side of the line, is *Chaldon Court*, now occupied as a farm-house. And here our fellow-travellers must prepare for the entrance of the Merstham tunnel, 1 mile 3 chains long, being, in its deepest part, 180 feet below the surface, and which cost in excavating upwards of 100,000*L.*, being almost wholly cut, or rather blasted, through the chalk or limestone rock, of which there is a large quantity in this parish.



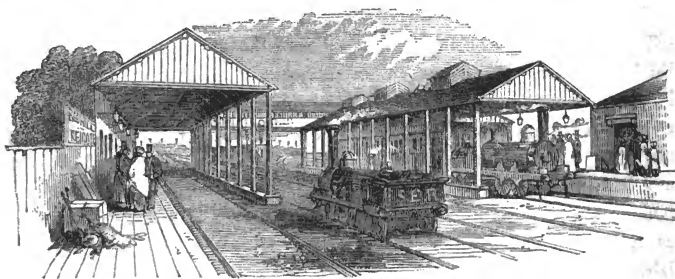
MERSTHAM TUNNEL, SOUTH VIEW.



VIEW AT MERSTHAM.

This safely passed, the train soon reaches the village of *Merstham*, a parish in Surrey, three miles north-east of Reigate—area, 2590 acres—which lies to the right, or west, of the line, occupying, with its picturesque old church, a neighbouring knoll; and near the church is Sir William Jolliffe's seat, *Merstham Place*, an irregular but spacious mansion, surrounded by pleasing picturesque grounds. The whole parish is nothing but a mass of limestone; and it is still pretty extensive, though much less so than some centuries back, when its quarries furnished materials for Windsor Castle and Westminster Abbey. While in this neighbourhood we must make honourable mention of Sir Edward Banks, a man of great original talent as a builder and engineer—one who commenced life as a common labourer, and rose solely by his abilities and good conduct to great wealth and an elevated station—and whose name will ever be memorable, as the builder of our most modern bridges over the Thames—Waterloo, Southwark, and London Bridges. He first became known at Chipstead, about half a century ago, as a *labourer* on the Merstham Railway, then in course of construction.

And now, leaving the chalk strata of the districts generally known as the North Downs, we enter the greensand beds which run from Hythe on the coast westward, by Ashford, Maidstone, Reigate, and Godalming, to Petersfield in Hampshire, and in somewhat less than two miles arrive at Red Hill, the site of the REIGATE JUNCTION STATION, $20\frac{3}{4}$ miles from the London terminus, and nearly 30 miles from Brighton—a very important point in the journey, well worthy of notice on account of the admirable arrangements here made for the reception of the traffic from the three lines that meet at this station—the Brighton line (along which we are about to travel), which runs southward, the Dover and Isle of Thanet Railway, which runs off to the east, and the Reigate and Reading line of the South-Eastern Company, which runs to the west through the vale of Dorking. Before, however, we start, in continuation of our journey, to the south coast, we must furnish our readers with some account of the borough of Reigate, a market-town in the county of Surrey, situated on a branch of the river Mole—area of parish, 5900 acres; population, about 5000; it sends one member to Parliament. The neighbourhood of Reigate is remarkable for the beauty of its scenery, and the sand found here is extensively used in glass-making, which, together with fuller's earth, produce a not unimportant trade to the inhabitants, who, after all, however, rely more upon the continual demands for labour and edibles required by the proximity of the railway.



REIGATE JUNCTION STATION.

REIGATE (anciently called *Cherch-felle*, or *Churchfield*) stands in the midst of a diversified, undulating country, drained by a small stream called the Holmsdale, a tributary of the Mole, which itself flows by

Boxhill, Mickleham, and Cobham, joining the Thames close to Hampton Court. The history of the manor of Reigate can be traced regularly back to the reign of William Rufus, who granted it to William, the Earl of Warren and Surrey, and from that family by marriage to the Mowbrays and Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, one of whom was attainted just before the death of Henry VIII., and all his estates escheated to the Crown—being afterwards granted by William III., in 1697, to John, Lord Somers, whose descendant, the second earl, still holds it. By the first lords of this manor doubtless the old castle was built, of which there are some slight remains on a hill north of the town, now chiefly consisting of a cave that is supposed to have been a *depôt* for treasures and military stores, as well as a sort of keep for the safe custody of prisoners. It was in a decayed state in the reign of James I., but was finally demolished by order of the Parliament in 1648, that “no use might be made of it to the endangering of the peace of the kingdom.” The gateway leading to its site is quite modern, though of a somewhat antique form. The same Earls of Warren founded also the monastery or priory of the Virgin and Holy Cross, for the support of Augustinian canons, which, on the dissolution of the monasteries, was granted to Lord Howard of Effingham (the great admiral sent against the Spanish Armada in the reign of Elizabeth) in exchange for the rectory of Tottenham in Middlesex. The mansion now called *Reigate Priory*, the seat of Earl Somers (to the south of the town), occupies a part of the old site and precincts; but the edifice, though somewhat imposing, is quite modern, and the grounds cover not more than about seventy-six acres. The town consists of a long street running east and west, and two or three others, on the London and Brighton roads, and, on the whole, it is well built and clean, being lighted with gas. It has an old market-house and town-hall, as well as a handsome old church with an embattled tower, having a peal of bells, and containing also some good monuments, both ancient and modern. The living is a vicarage, worth about 450*l.* a year. At Redhill, too, there is a pretty district church, visible from this line almost directly south of the station. There are also two or three chapels for Dissenters, including a Friends’ meeting-house; and the town has a national and infant school, three or four Sunday schools, and a free grammar school, with a mechanics’ institute and town library. Reigate is a place of little general trade; but it has a large weekly corn-market and monthly cattle-fairs. It is a borough by prescription, but unincorporated,

and sent two members to the House of Commons from the 23rd Edward I. to the Reform Act, which deprived it of one of its members and enlarged the electoral limits: there are about 280 electors, and the prevailing interest is that of Earl Somers, the present member being Thomas Somers Cocks, Esq., the earl's nephew. It is likewise one of the polling-places for East Surrey, and a place for holding quarter-sessions. The neighbourhood abounds with fine seats and villa residences, among which we may particularise *Heath Place*, *Reigate Lodge*, *The Barons*, *Woodhatch Lodge*, *Great Doodles*, and *The Wilderness*. About a mile and a half also north-west of the town is *Gatton Park*, a beautiful demesne, formerly the property of Lord Monson, but now of the Countess of Warwick; and the manor has some historical celebrity, as having enjoyed down to the Reform Act the parliamentary franchise, granted by Henry VI., in 1449, to one John Tymperley, as a reward for services rendered that unhappy monarch during the wars of the roses; it was afterwards again vested in the Crown, and was in 1540 granted by Henry VIII. to his divorced wife, Anne of Cleves, in part provision for her maintenance during life. In the course of the two last centuries it was no less than nine times in the market, its value being not a little enhanced by its parliamentary privilege, now happily for ever removed.* The present mansion is a handsome stone edifice, commanding some beautiful views and fine park scenery, including a noble lake; and the timber in the park is some of the finest in Surrey. Within its limits, also, and near the Hall, is the antique-looking church, which has been restored by Lord Monson in the most correct taste; and the interior is so beautiful, as to be well worth a visit from the lover of church architecture. *Upper Gatton House*, to the north of the park, is a noble mansion standing on a hill near Chipstead, surrounded by a park of 100 acres.

* This *pre-eminently rotten* borough, while in Sir Mark Wood's possession, had only six burgages in it, five of which were let to weekly tenants—himself, the only freeholder, having the choice of members in his own person. He united in himself also a rather strange combination of functions, as M.P., magistrate, perpetual churchwarden, overseer, surveyor of highways, and collector of taxes!!!

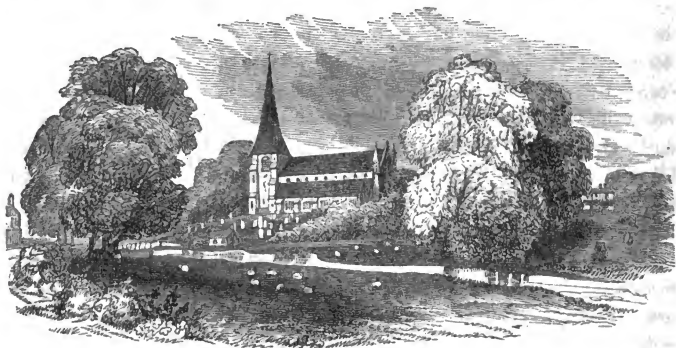
CHAPTER II.

Horley and Burstow—Charlwood Park—HORSHAM BRANCH—Crawley—Horsham—East Grinstead—Balcombe Tunnel and Ouse Viaduct—Hayward Heath—LEWES AND HASTINGS BRANCH—Cuckfield—Lewes, its Castle and Priory—Newhaven.

ON leaving Reigate, the Brighton train, passing directly southward, over *Earl's Wood Common* on an embankment, and after twice crossing the Mole, arrives ($25\frac{1}{2}$ miles from London) at the HORLEY STATION, situated in the midst of a rural district close on the borders of Sussex, and serving also for the use of passengers from the adjoining villages—Charlwood on the west, and Burstow on the east. Horley is a parish in Surrey, five miles south of Reigate; area, 7640 acres. The church is a fine edifice, and there are traces to be found of a large castle. The principal seats worthy of notice here are *Horley Lodge*, surrounded by a pleasant park—*Burstow Lodge*—the remains of *Smallfield Place*, the former demesne of the Bysshes, now a farm-house, but well worth a visit as a specimen of old domestic architecture—*Fellbridge House*, about three miles east, erected by the late James Evelyn, Esq., and surrounded by a noble park,—lastly, *Charlwood Park*, and *Gatewick*.

Another ride of four miles brings us over the boundary line into Sussex and across the Mole for a third time to the THREE BRIDGES STATION (near the village of *Worth*), and the junction-point of the HORSHAM BRANCH; along which we shall now carry our readers, in order to show the features of that short tributary of the main line, which from end to end is exactly $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length. It runs in a direction nearly west-south-west; and the first station is at *Crawley*, formerly, in the coaching days, a place of some note and bustle, but now a retired village, and chiefly remarkable for its vicinity to Tilgate Forest, a place of some interest to geologists on account of the curious fossil remains there discovered and well described by Buckland and Mantell. Beyond Crawley is the FAY-GATE STATION, quite in a rural district, made apparently for the convenience of Lord St. Leonard's, who has a large estate in this neighbourhood, from which he derives his title; and at length, about $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the junction, we arrive at the HORSHAM TERMINUS, $38\frac{1}{2}$ miles from London Bridge.

The market-town and ancient borough of Horsham, in Sussex, 26 miles north-east by north of Chichester, and 35 miles south-south-west of London, contains an area of 20,040 acres, including 11,160 acres of St. Leonard's Forest. Under the Reform Bill the boundaries of Horsham was extended so as to coincide with the whole of this extensive parish, but the borough was at the same time shorn of one of its members of Parliament. Horsham is one of the polling-places for the west division of Sussex. The town takes its name from Horsa, the brother of Hengist, supposed to have been slain in 457, and stands on elevated ground in



VIEW AT HORSHAM.

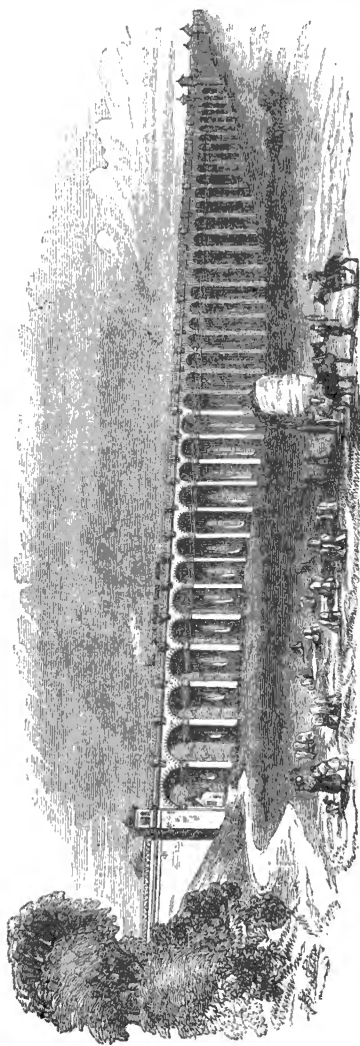
the midst of a well-timbered, picturesque, and fertile district, watered by the river Adur,* a tributary of the Arun, and consists of two streets crossing each other at right angles, with an open space on the south, in which stands the court-house, and a green on the north—the mixture of trees among the houses giving the place a more sylvan appearance than most other country towns. The houses are generally timber-built, but faced with brick; and the town is well paved, lighted with gas, and fairly supplied with water. The church is a large and venerable structure, in the early English style, with a clerestory, fine eastern window, and a tower with eight bells, surmounted by a lofty octagonal steeple—the interior contains some fine tombs, especially one of Lord Braose (ob. 1396), with his effigy clad in the armour of the period: the living is a

* This Adur is a mere rivulet, and quite distinct from the greater Adur, which joins the sea at Shoreham.

vicarage, worth 800*l.* a year, in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury. There is also a district church, St. Mark's, with another at South Water, 1½ miles south on the Worthing-road; and there are five places of worship for Dissenters, besides a Roman Catholic chapel. In the centre of the town is a fine old Gothic court-house; there is also an extensive union workhouse, and a county gaol, situated near the eastern extremity of the town. Horsham has likewise a grammar school, founded by R. Collier in 1532, with Lancastrian and infant schools, a mechanics' institute, two banks, a savings bank, and about 6000 inhabitants. The borough is not incorporated, but returned two members to Parliament from the 23rd Edward I. (1295) to the Reform Act: there are about 350 registered electors, and the chief influence is that of the Duke of Norfolk, who is lord of the manor. Quarter and petty-sessions are held here, large weekly markets for corn and poultry, extensively bred in the neighbourhood for the London market, and several fairs. Horsham has also several handsome mansions and parks in its vicinity; among which we may mention *Horsham Park*, *Hill's Place*; *Denne*, a noble park and mansion on the Worthing-road, and *Coolhurst*, formerly the property of the Marchioness of Northampton, but now of C. S. Dickens, Esq. The antiquarian, too, will find his account in visiting *Nuthurst Lodge* and park, about two miles south, where are some interesting remains of an old castle surrounded by a moat.

We shall now return to the main line at Three Bridges; but, ere we proceed southward, a few words must be said respecting the town and decayed borough of *East Grinstead*, which lies about six miles to the east, on the turnpike-road from London to Lewes and Brighton: it stands on an eminence, in the midst of a beautiful open country, and is irregularly built, but has a noble church with a square tower, and some good monuments, a district church, three Dissenting chapels, an old almshouse, called Sackville College, a grammar school, now formed into a national school, and an union workhouse; with a population, in 1851, of 3820 persons. About three miles south-east, also, are some interesting ruins of *Brambletye House*, the manor of the Comptons, which has been rendered illustrious by the pen of Horace Smith, one of our best historical novelists.

Resuming our journey southward, we now enter the Weald of Sussex, and pass through Tilgate Forest, soon afterwards entering BALCOMBE TUNNEL, 6 furlongs and 3 chains long, cut through the clay, and near the comple-



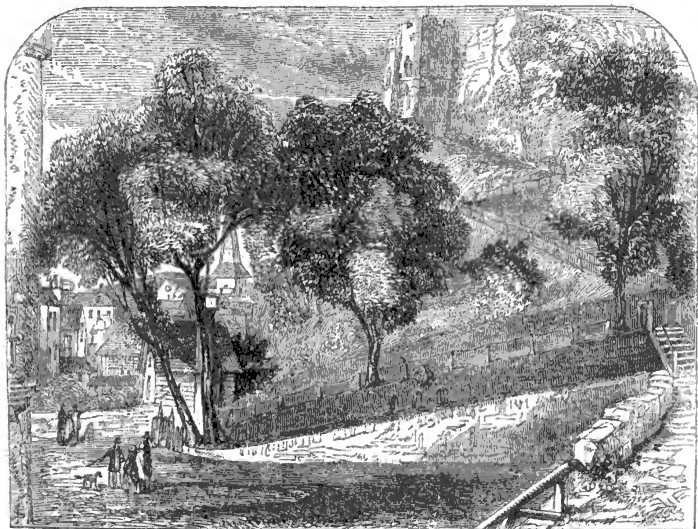
THE OUSE VIADUCT.

tion of the thirty-fourth mile arrive at BALCOMBE STATION, near the little village of that name, where is *Balcombe House*, and at no great distance *Wakehurst Place*, the estate of Sir Alex. Cockburn, M.P., the present Attorney-General; while about three miles west is *Slaugham Park*, the ancient residence of the Coverts, the ruins of the manor-house being still discernible in the village. Again proceeding southward, the railway crosses the Ouse Viaduct, perhaps the most stupendous work of the kind in this country, consisting of thirty-seven arches, each thirty feet in

span, and about sixty feet high, the height from the water to the surface of the road being 100 feet, and the entire length, including the abutments, is 1437 feet—more than a quarter of a mile: its summit commands a most extensive view of the surrounding country. And now, $37\frac{1}{2}$ miles from London, we reach the HAYWARD HEATH STATION, two miles east of the small, but clean and pleasantly situated market-town of *Cuckfield*, which has a large and handsome parish church, with some good monuments, two Dissenting chapels, an endowed

national school, union workhouse, and 3200 inhabitants; the chief seat near it being *Cuckfield Place*, the demesne of W. Sergison, Esq., who is the principal landowner in the parish.

A further short ride of four miles now brings us to the LEWES JUNCTION at Burgess Hill, forty-one miles from London; and here we shall for awhile take our leave of the main line, going direct to Brighton, and make an excursion to Lewes and Hastings. Respecting the line to Lewes there is not much to remark, except that it passes through an undulating, and in some places hilly country, by *Wivelsfield* and *Plumpton Green* to COOK'S BRIDGE STATION, $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the junction, near which is *Coneyburrow Park*, and about two miles north-east *Newick Park*, once the seat of the Gorings and Mansells. We may here also mention that to the south and south-west rises the lofty range of the South Downs, the highest point of which, conspicuous as a sea-mark, is Ditchling Beacon, elevated 858 feet above the sea. And now a short ride of somewhat less than three miles, the last mile of which is along the valley of the Ouse, takes us into the LEWES STATION, 50 miles from London Bridge, 9 miles from Hayward Heath Junction, and $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Brighton. And



LEWES CASTLE AND TOWN.

here we shall pause awhile to give some account of this large and important borough, the county town of Sussex.

LEWES (which claims to be the site of the Roman station *Mutuantonis*) has an area of 1360 acres. The town is romantically situated in a valley formed by the chalk ridges of the South Downs, and encircled by an amphitheatre of lofty hills, which give the place a highly picturesque character, and at whose base runs the navigable river Ouse, which is crossed here by a stone bridge, and enters the sea at Newhaven, about seven miles below. It consists of one principal and wide street, crossed by several others, and having a large suburb, *St. Thomas-in-the-Cliff*, on a hill east of the river, the streets being in general spacious, lined with good modern houses, well paved, and lighted with gas. Lewes had at one time nine parish churches, with distinct ecclesiastical endowments, but now there are only five in the town and suburbs, none of them presenting any architectural features worthy of notice. Three of the livings are in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, and one in that of the Primate, but they are all of small value. There are likewise seven Dissenting chapels and a Friends' meeting-house; a grammar school, founded in 1512; national, Lancastrian, and infant schools, with numerous Sunday schools; a mechanics' institute, town library, news-rooms, two banks, and a population, in 1851, of 9530. The *County Hall*, built in 1809, on the site of an old town-hall, is a fine building, comprising an assize-court, council-chamber, record-office, and a noble ball-room. The town possesses, also, a house of correction, barracks, and a small theatre; and on the *Spittal Hill*, a mile west, races are annually held in July or August. The great glory of Lewes, however, are its CASTLE and PRIORY. The former is supposed to have been originally built before the reign of Athelstane, and to have been rebuilt and much enlarged by William de Warren, the son-in-law of the Conqueror: it enclosed with its walls an oval space about 800 feet long by 400 feet in breadth, and it had two keeps, one of which is still in good preservation, and commands from its summit a noble panoramic view of the surrounding country; but, in fact, the entire remains are highly interesting.. The Priory of St. Pancras was founded by William de Warren and his wife, in 1078, for Cluniac monks, of whom it was long the chief establishment in England; and some idea of its extensive scale may be formed from the fact, that its walls embraced an area of more than thirty acres. The ruins, however, are so scattered and indistinct, that it is impossible to form any correct notion of its relative parts, nothing scarcely being traceable except the walls of the

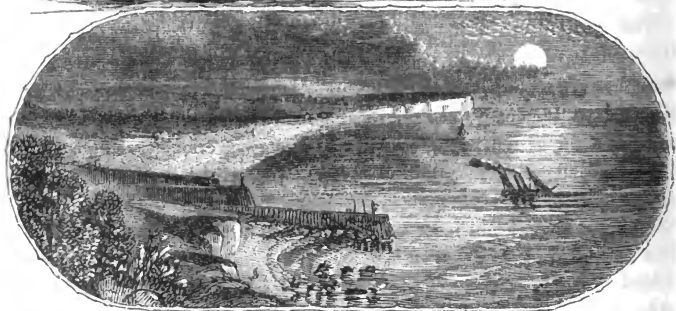
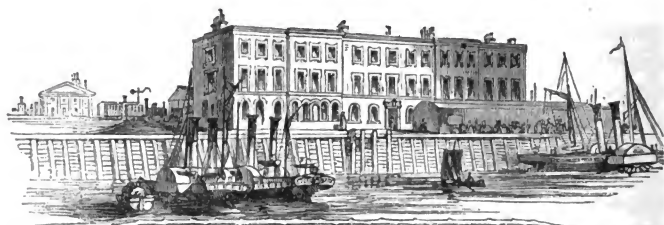
refectory. Considering, therefore, its former wealth and splendour, and connecting it with the discovery, in 1845, of the actual remains of William de Warren and his lady Gundreda, in the church adjoining the priory, we may well join in the lament of the poet Bowles :

All is silent now ;—silent the bell,
Which, heard from yonder ivy'd turret high,
Warn'd the cowl'd brother from his midnight cell ;—
Silent the vesper chant—the Litany
Responsive to the organ :—scattered lie
The wrecks of the proud pile, 'mid arches grey,
Whilst hollow winds through mantling ivy sigh,
And e'en the the mould'ring shrine is sent away,
Where in his warrior weeds the Norman founder lay.

Near the ruins stands, uninjured by time, an ancient mount, and at its foot is an excavation (oddly enough nicknamed the *Dripping-pan*), which was probably used as a bowling-green, and is now a cricket-ground. These ruins, and indeed all the antiquities of Lewes, are admirably described by Mr. Lowers in his “Handbook for Lewes.” It remains to be noticed, that Lewes, though not incorporated, has sent two members to Parliament since the 23rd Edward I. (1295), and has about 750 registered electors ; besides which it is the place of election for East Sussex. As respects trade, it has some manufactures of paper and agricultural implements, and a considerable traffic in grain, malt, lime, and live stock, its autumnal sheep-fairs being the largest in the neighbourhood of the South Downs. The trade in wool was formerly extensive, but is said to have declined ; a wool fair is however held in the middle of the year. The spring, summer, and autumn assizes are held here, and also the quarter-session for the east division of the county. Lastly, Lewes, it must be remembered, was the scene of a battle, on May 14, 1264, between the troops of Henry III. and the offended barons under Simon de Montfort, who defeated the king with great slaughter, and imprisoned him in the castle. The graves of those who fell may yet be traced ; and

— after length of time, the peaceful swain
Who ploughs the turf that swells o'er armies slain,
Shall cast, half-gnaw'd with rust, huge pikes in air,
And hollow helmets that clash beneath the share,—
And 'mid their yawning graves, amaz'd behold
Large bones of warriors of gigantic mould.

The railway sends off at Lewes southward a short branch, about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, to NEWHAVEN, formerly a small port at the mouth of the small river Ouse, but now raised, by the enterprise of the Brighton



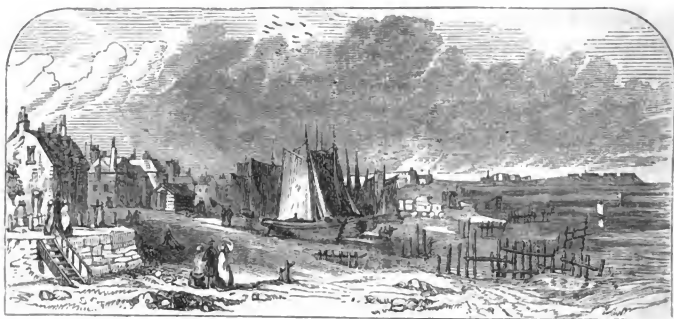
NEWHAVEN—LANDING-PLACE, HARBOUR, &c.

Railway Company in causing the Dieppe packet-service to be transferred hither from Shoreham, to considerable importance as a shipping port ;—as, for instance, it has 22 vessels belonging to the port, of 1978 tons ;—besides which, the entries *coastwise* in 1852 were, —inwards, 281 vessels of 30,885 tons, and outwards, 65 vessels of 6844 tons,—and respecting colonial and foreign trade, 134 vessels, of 19,622 tons, inwards, and 120 ships, of 17,317 tons, outwards, quite irrespectively of the packet-service. The town is neatly built, has an old church on a hill with a square tower, a fair harbour (shown in our engraving), which is accessible during flood-tide, and defended at need by a battery above, and having about 1360 inhabitants. The trains from London are regulated by the packets, which sail at times in accordance with the tide, the time being announced in the Monthly Tables ;—nor can we avoid expressing our admiration at the method and clever combination of means to ends that can make it profitable to convey passengers from London to Paris for less than a sovereign, and send them, and bring them back too, for thirty shillings !

CHAPTER III.

Glynde and Firle's Place—Berwick—Polegate—Hailsham—EASTBOURNE—Pevensey and its Castle—Hurstmonceaux—Martello Towers—Ashburnham Park—St. LEONARD'S—HASTINGS.

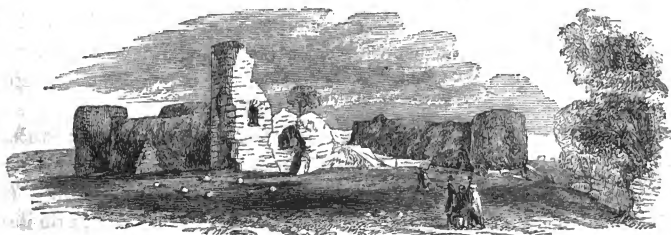
THE main line, on leaving Lewes, turns eastward round the foot of Mount Caburn (on whose summit are the remains of an ancient British encampment), and after a run of three miles through a longitudinal valley in the South Downs, we reach the GLYNDE STATION, close to the pleasant, secluded little village of that name, close to which are *Glynde Place*, an Elizabethan structure, and *Glyndebourne*. About a mile to the south-east, too, is *Firle's Place*, the noble demesne of Viscount Gage, which is completely sheltered on the south and east by the South Downs, which here assume a bold and fine outline, rising at Firle Beacon to a point considerably higher than Mount Caburn. The mansion is large, though irregularly built at different periods; and the park, if not very extensive, is pleasingly diversified with hill and dale, and affords an interesting variety of scenery. The line thence skirts the northern declivity of the South Downs, passing near the villages of *Selmeston* and *Alciston*, arrives seven miles and a half from Lewes at the small intermediate BERWICK STATION (fifty-seven miles from London *viâ* Lewes), a little north of the village so called, and near the small river Cuckmere, crossed soon after leaving it to go eastward. We may here also notice, that on the neighbouring Downs are many ancient sepulchral barrows, or tumuli, either of British or Saxon origin, which, as well as the curiously ancient Star Inn, at *Aldfriston*, about two miles south, are well worthy of inspection. Another ride of four miles, by the pleasant village of *Wilmington* (where at a farm-house may be seen some remains of a Benedictine priory), brings us to another halt at the POLEGATE STATION, made apparently for the convenience of *Hailsham* north, and *Eastbourne* south, to which respectively there are short branch lines. The former, which is three miles from the junction, is situated on a gentle acclivity rising from the neighbouring levels, and has a rather handsome church in the later English style, with an embattled and pinnacled tower. It has a population of about 1850 persons; and its fortnightly cattle and corn markets are said to be the largest in Sussex.



EASTBOURNE.

As respects EASTBOURNE, which lies about four miles south, this, as a favourite sea-bathing place, deserves a somewhat more extended notice. It is situated in a valley at the eastern extremity of the South Downs, about a mile and a half from the sea, having three adjunct hamlets near the beach, called the Sea-houses, Southbourne, and the Meads, which are the principal resort of the visitors; and within the last few years a fine terrace and esplanade have been built. The bathing is excellent, the water is very clear, and the sands are dry and extensive, while the chalk cliffs, stretching south-west to the promontory of Beachy Head (585 feet high, crowned with a lighthouse), are lofty and picturesque. This place has also the advantage of a chalybeate spring, the waters of which, in their medicinal qualities, closely resemble those of Clifton. This delightfully retired watering-place has likewise a venerable church, with a splendid chancel, antique tower, and some fine monuments of the Cavendish and Gilbert families, a handsome district church, with two Dissenting chapels, an endowed national school, public library, bank, theatre, and assembly-rooms, with a large union workhouse. The town is throughout remarkably clean and neat, the houses are commodious, commanding good sea-views; and, on the whole, it is a rapidly improving place, its present fixed population being about 3500. The principal seat here is *Compton Place*, the residence of the Hon. Mrs. Cavendish, aunt of the Earl of Burlington: the mansion is neither large nor showy, nor are the grounds very extensive, but they are graced with some noble timber-trees, coeval perhaps with the house. *The Gore* and *Southfield* are other villa residences, possessing a picturesque appearance.

Before leaving Polegate Station we must pay a brief visit to the neat little village of *Willingdon* (about half-way between it and Eastbourne), near which is *Ratton Park*, the seat of Thomas Freeman, Esq., which abounds with fine timber and plantations, and commands beautiful views of the whole bay of Pevensey: of the old house only a gateway remains, the present mansion being quite modern. And now, we shall once more pursue our course eastward, entering a level, and apparently sea-deserted tract; and then gradually approaching the sea on our right, we, at the commencement of the sixteenth mile from Lewes, and the sixty-fifth from London, enter the PEVENSEY STATION, near the ancient and highly interesting town of that name. The town itself and the adjacent village of Westham are now neither of them large, nor does their united population much exceed 1400 persons; but it is a member of the Cinque Ports, subordinate to Hastings, and possesses a charter and body corporate, strongly indicative of its former importance, before the sea had retired and left it a mile inland. The chief, and indeed the only object of present interest is the castle, whose appearance is very striking. It stands on an eminence, the entrance being through a huge gateway that has been defended by round towers of enormous strength; and this leads to a wide green field, interspersed with large trees and the dilapidated remains of mighty walls, fragments of towers and gate-houses, with other shapeless erections, the mouldering relics of this once impregnable fortress: on the land sides a broad and deep moat ran round the walls, which enclosed an area of about seven acres, and are nine feet thick; while the huge round towers interposed here and there between them are at least equally substantial, and though of great antiquity are yet perfectly stable. The date of its erection is unknown; but from the quantity of Roman bricks employed in the work, it is supposed to have been built with the materials of some Roman fortress.



PEVENSEY CASTLE.

The town and castle of Pevensey were conferred by William the Conqueror on his half-brother Robert, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall; but they were afterwards forfeited to the Crown, and Henry III. granted them to his son Prince Edward and his heirs, Kings of England, so that they should never more be separated from the Crown. Notwithstanding this, however, they were settled in 1371 on the celebrated John of Gaunt, who appointed John Pelham its constable, and in his custody it remained to the middle of the fifteenth century. In the beginning of the eighteenth century it became the possession of the Bentincks, by whom it was sold to the Comptons, and from them descended to the Cavendishes. And now for the deeds there enacted:—When Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the Conqueror's turbulent natural son, declared for Robert Curthose against William Rufus, he threw himself into this castle, and was besieged for six weeks by the king's whole army; nor did the bishop surrender till the provisions of his garrison were all exhausted, and Robert had failed to come to his relief. In the reign of Stephen, again, it was held by the Earl of Clare for the Empress Maud, and when Stephen attacked it, he met with such resistance that he was obliged to abandon the siege. In 1265 an unsuccessful attack was made on it by Simon de Montfort, son of the renowned Earl of Leicester. Towards the end of the following century, moreover, it was gallantly and successfully defended by a lady, the wife of Sir John Pelham, its governor, who had embraced the cause of the Duke of Lancaster (afterwards Henry IV.), and departed northward to join the duke's army; and meanwhile the yeomen of the south had formed themselves into an army for the support of Richard, marched in great numbers against Pevensey Castle, hoping to take it, in which they were disappointed through the courage and skill of Lady Pelham. Its last mention as a fortress is in the reign of Elizabeth; and from her time its history is unknown, although it was in ruins in the middle of the seventeenth century. This castle was also occasionally used as a state prison—King James I. of Scotland, Joanna of Navarre (widow of Henry IV.), Roger Mortimer, and his brother Edward, Duke of York, having been among its more distinguished captives.

Our necessarily long notice of Pevensey Castle, however, must not allow us to pass over *Hurstmonceaux Castle and Church*, which may be seen across Pevensey Marsh—a tract once, no doubt, covered by the sea—on a fine eminence about five miles to the north of the station. The castle itself is a truly noble and imposing pile, so perfect in external outline, that from

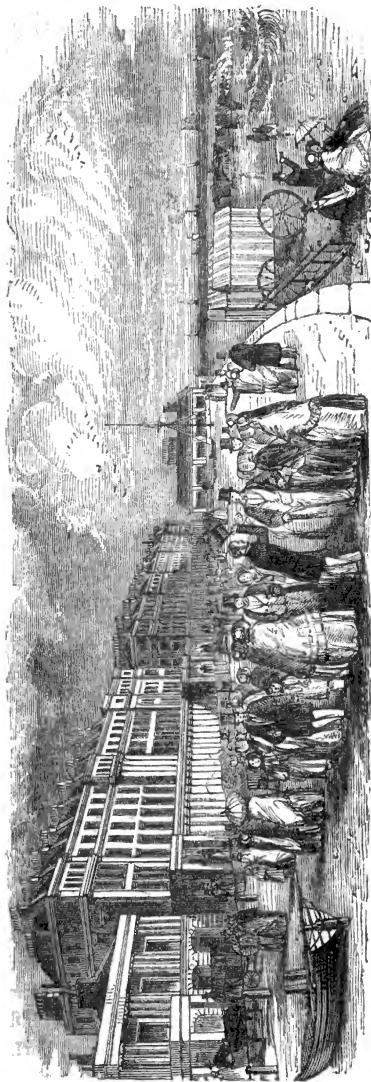
a distance it scarcely appears the ruin that it has been since its dismantling and unroofing by a Vandal proprietor, one Mr. Naylor, in 1777. About five-and-twenty years before this, Horace Walpole thus described it:—"It is seated at the end of a large vale, five miles in a direct line to the sea, with wings of blue hills covered with wood, one of which falls down to the house in a sweep of 100 acres. The building, for the convenience of water to the moat, commands no view whatever; indeed, it is entirely imagined on a plan of defence, with drawbridges actually in being, round towers, watch-towers mounted on them, and battlements pierced for the passage of arrows from long bows. It was built in the time of Henry VI., and is as perfect as the first day; a square building, each side above 200 feet in length, with a porch and cloister very much like Eton College, and the whole much in the same taste, the kitchens extremely so, with three vast funnels to the chimney, going up on the inside. There are two or three little courts for offices, but no magnificent apartments: indeed, it is scarcely furnished with a few necessities, such as beds and chairs. The chapel is small and mean The outside is brick and a mixture of grey stone that has a venerable appearance; the drawbridges are romantic to a degree; and there is a dungeon which gives one a delightful idea of living in the days of soccage, and under such goodly tenures." Hurstmonceaux, however, much as it retains of the castellated form, with its massive battlemented towers, machicolations, moats, and drawbridges, exhibits the traces likewise of that comfort and ornament which belongs to a private dwelling; and in fact it may be regarded as a sort of intermediate link between the ancient feudal castle and the modern manor-house. The outer walls enclose three courts; and the great entrance is on the south front, through a gatehouse leading into a spacious cloistered court, on the north side of which is the hall—a very large chamber, much resembling those in the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. The kitchen, bakehouse, and upper apartments, are well worthy of inspection, and scarcely less so the private winding-staircases curiously constructed in brickwork, which communicate with the different galleries. At present, as we have observed, it is quite a ruin, but withal in excellent preservation, and well worth a visit, being kept up with laudable anxiety, by its present proprietor, as the finest specimen of its class now in existence. The manor was one of those given by the Conqueror to the Earl of Eu. It is called in Domesday Book, *Hurst*, probably to indicate its situation surrounded by wood; and in the twelfth century it belonged

to the Hursts, one of whom added the name of Monceaux, from his mother, an heiress of that family; and thenceforward the manor was designated Hurst-monceaux. It afterwards passed to the Fiennes' and Dacres, and from them to the Fitzroys, from whom it was purchased by Mr. Naylor, and came again by the same way into the hands of its present possessor. The church is a good specimen of the early English and perpendicular style united; the interior is extremely handsome, containing some good tombs, especially a noble one of the Fyneses; and it has a tower and truncated spire. At the north-eastern end of the park, also, is *Windmill Park*, the mansion of which commands fine views of the South Downs, sea, &c.

We shall now resume our journey, still keeping in view

The sea, the sea, the open sea—
The blue, the fresh, the ever free—

and while we are pursuing our course onward, we may say a few words about the *Martello Towers*, which are seen braving the ocean along this line of coast. They commence near Hythe, in Kent, and are continued, except where cliffs breast the sea, all the way to Seaford, near Newhaven, being altogether seventy-four in number, and about a quarter of a mile apart. They were built at the time of the threatened invasion by Napoleon Bonaparte, and were at one time fortified with cannon and companies of gunners; but they are now converted to the purposes of the Coast-guard service. We may likewise mention, that about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the north is the pretty retired rural village of *Hooe*, its fine old church, which is one of the most interesting specimens of later English and Tudor architecture in the county, will well repay a walk. And at length, twenty-two miles from Lewes, and now only three from Hastings, we arrive at the *BEXHILL STATION*, situated to the south of the village so called, which has a remarkably fine old church of Norman and early English architecture, the site of which being elevated commands extensive and beautiful views: the village, also, contains some chalybeate springs, and in its neighbourhood, some years ago, a submarine forest was discovered, which led to a futile attempt at the establishment of a colliery. Five miles north, too, is *Ashburnham Park*, the seat of the Earl of Ashburnham, said to be eight miles in circuit, pleasingly diversified with hill and dale, besides a fine lake of some fifty acres, containing some good timber, and well stocked with deer. The mansion is modern and of noble proportions, situated on a gentle eminence fronting the lake.



ESPLANADE, ST. LEONARD'S.

At length, $74\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the London Bridge Terminus, and 32 from Brighton, we arrive at St. LEONARD'S STATION, somewhat less than half a mile from the beautiful modern watering-place of *St. Leonard's*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles W.S.W. of Hastings, which owes its existence to the architectural talent and enterprise of Decimus Burton, one of our first modern architects; and from its popularity with the aristocracy has become so important, as now to have nearly 3000 in-

habitants. It was begun about the year 1828, and may be considered a sort of fashionable suburb of Hastings, sustaining towards it the same relation that Kemp Town does to Brighton. The valley in which it stands is sheltered by hills at the back, but open towards the sea; and a noble esplanade extends for more than half a mile along the beach. The *Marina* is a handsome range of buildings nearly 600 feet long, fronting the sea; and there are several fine terraces and

villa residences, particularly some in the Elizabethan style on *Maze Hill*, which give the place a very aristocratic appearance, not unlike that of Hyde Park-terrace, or the Regent's Park. The houses on Maze Hill look on the *Subscription Gardens*, at one extremity of which is the South Lodge, on the east side of them a square Gothic clock-tower, and above them, on the Battle-road, the North Lodge, another building of Tudor architecture. The other principal localities are Seymour-place, Verulam-buildings, Warrior-square, and Stratford-place; St. Leonard's has also a handsome church, assembly-rooms, library, bath-houses, and likewise pleasure-grounds and other contrivances for the amusement of visitors; and perhaps few places on the southern coast can boast such a large array of noble and distinguished visitors; it was the favourite residence of the poet Campbell, who wrote those beautiful "Lines on the View from St. Leonard's:"

Hail to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
 'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
 Great, beauteous being, in whose breath and smile
 My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
 Inhales salubrious thoughts! How welcomer
 Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!
 Though, like the world thou fluctuat'st, thy din
 To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.
 E'en gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes
 With all the darling field-flow'rs in their prime,
 And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
 Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
 For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's clang.
 With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea,
 I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades
 And green savannahs—Earth has not a plain
 So boundless or so beautiful as thine.

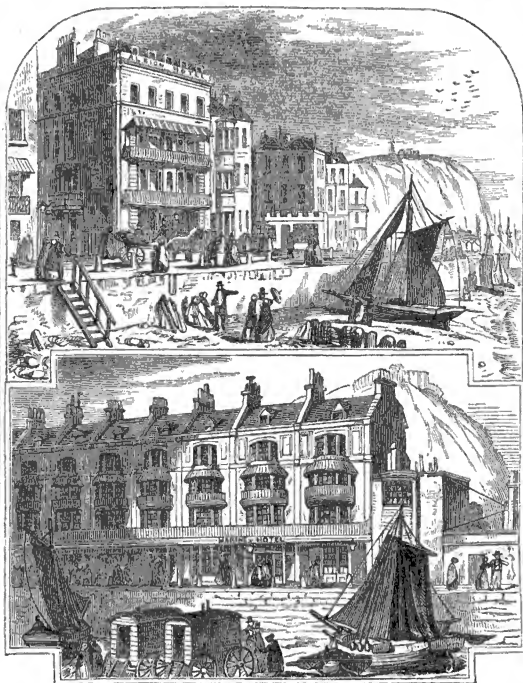
We at length arrive at the eastern extremity of the Brighton Company's line—the HASTINGS TERMINUS, $76\frac{1}{2}$ miles from London, and $34\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Brighton, by the nearest railway route. The station is large and commodious, if not showy, and from its elevated position commands a good general view of Hastings and its fine old castle.

HASTINGS is an ancient parliamentary borough and market-town, in the hundreds of Balstow, Sussex, 64 miles S.S.E. of London, and 33 miles E.N.E. of Brighton, and one of the Cinque Ports, having a population of about 17,000 persons (in 1851), and situated on the southern coast, about midway between Dungeness and Beachy Head, in lat. $50^{\circ} 34' N.$, and long. $36^{\circ} E.$ It is situated in a hollow, surrounded by high cliffs and hills,

which shelter it from the north and east ; and from the variety of elevations on which different parts of the town are built, the visitor has a choice of position, whether cool and bracing, or soft, warm, and genial. The town may be considered as divided into two parts—the *old town* lying in the valley, between the east and castle hills, and consisting of two parallel streets running down to the sea, in which mostly are the residences of the fixed population and chief trade of the place ; while the *new town* occupies the heights and the shore westwards towards St. Leonard's, which, in fact, is its western continuation or suburb. Among the modern improvements of Hastings may be mentioned *Pelham-place* and *Crescent* ; the former consisting of a handsome range of buildings under the sandstone cliffs at the end of the Marine Parade—the latter an elegant curve, formed by sixteen houses built on a terrace formed by arched stone buildings, so as to command an extensive sea-view, and having in their centre the elegant round church of St. Mary's, built in 1828 at the sole cost of the Earl of Chichester. The terrace is ascended by a flight of steps at the eastern end, and entered on the other side by a carriage-road ; while in front of the basement small shops lead to the *Arcade*, a splendid room lighted from above and occupied as a bazaar and promenade. *Wellington-square* is another handsome range of houses, forming three sides of a square : it is sheltered from the east by the castle cliff, and commands picturesque views of the surrounding district, and particularly of Beachy Head and the sea, including St. Leonard's and Bopeep. The *Marine Parade*, which stretches eastward from Pelham-place, is 500 feet long, and forms a delightful promenade : at its eastern end is a fort or battery, while the other leads onwards to St. Leonard's, which is entered by a handsome arch of Doric architecture.

Hastings has three churches, and two district churches in the suburbs—namely, *All Saints*, a fine old structure in the decorated English style, standing on high ground to the east of the London-road, and having a noble embattled tower, with a fine belfry ; *St. Clement's*, a curious old building of flint and brick with a low tower, behind the town-hall ; *St. Mary's in the Castle*, already mentioned, in Pelham Crescent ; *St. Mary Magdalen's*, at St. Leonard's, a handsome structure in the early English style, erected in 1832 ; and another at *Halton*, on the north side of the town. Hastings has places of worship also for Independents, Baptists, and Wesleyan Methodists ; and all the churches and chapels have attached Sunday schools ; besides which, the town has a proprietary grammar

school, three endowed schools, two national schools, two British schools, and three infant schools, giving instruction altogether to upwards of 2000 children. The other public buildings are the Town-hall, the Borough Gaol, the Custom-house, the Mechanics' Institute, the Literary Institution, the infirmary, the libraries, and the hotels, of which the Albion and the Marine are the chief (both being first-rate houses, most admirably



MARINE PARADE AND ESPLANADE, HASTINGS.

managed, and we cannot do better than strongly urge upon our readers to drive at once to one of these hotels, feeling assured that by adopting this course much disappointment and annoyance will be saved, for good fare and attendance, combined with moderate charges, may be relied upon; nor must we neglect to mention that the Marine, kept by Mr. Hutching, and the Albion, kept by Mr. Emary, are both better situated, and

have a greater command of conveyance, than either of the other hotels in this delightful watering-place); besides which, Hastings has two banks (one a branch of the London and County Joint-Stock Bank) and a savings bank, with a weekly newspaper, the *Hastings and St. Leonard's News*.

The great glory of Hastings, however, is its ruined castle, perched on a lofty cliff to the westward—a structure most probably of Norman origin, the scattered remains of which have the form of a rounded triangle, with its base facing the south, which presents seaward an almost perpendicular cliff about 250 feet high, rising immediately above Pelham Crescent, while its eastern side is formed by a wall flanked with semicircular towers, and exhibits at its northern end the remains of a keep: the area of the castle is now laid out as a lawn and flower-garden, and open to visitors for a trifling fee. Close to the castle, also, was a priory of Black canons, founded in the reign of Richard I. by Sir Walter Bricet, and valued at the Dissolution at 47*l.* 9*s.*; the buildings are almost wholly destroyed, an old wall being the only now discernible trace. There can be little doubt, however, that the priory as well as the college or free chapel in the castle were at one time important and well-endowed establishments—the latter having no less than ten prebends.

Hastings, as one of the Cinque Ports, was first enfranchised by Edward the Confessor; and its privileges were much extended by Edward I., in return for maritime services to the Crown. That it was early a considerable place, too, is sufficiently apparent from the fact of a royal mint being established here in the tenth century. The governing charters of the corporation, down to the Municipal Reform Act, were granted by Elizabeth and Charles II.; but the borough is now governed, according to the new act, by a mayor and five other aldermen, with eighteen councillors; and the income of the borough averages about 2000*l.* It is also a parliamentary borough, with a population of 17,000 persons, having for its present members P. F. Robertson and M. Brisco, Esqs.; and there are about 1100 registered electors. Quarter and petty-sessions are held here; and there is a debt-court under a recorder.

As a place of trade, Hastings has little beyond that required for its own consumption; but boat-building is still pretty extensively carried on, and it is an important fishing port, the fisheries of turbot, soles, and plaice chiefly, but also of mackerel and herrings, giving employment to about 500 persons, who form a very peculiar, exceedingly grotesque and amusing section of the population, well worthy of the visitor's attention.

The fish-market is hence an exceedingly good one; but there are also very well-supplied markets for all kinds of provisions. Hastings formerly possessed a good harbour, with a wooden pier; but it was destroyed by a storm in the reign of Elizabeth, and has never been restored—nor, much as the place requires a harbour, is there any probability of its construction, inasmuch as the port is situated just at the boundary of a tidal wave, forced through the Channel by pressure from the Atlantic, and running here parallel to the direction of the shore, thus driving along the shingles with it, and having a tendency to form here a *shingle-trap*, regarded by engineers as an insurmountable obstacle. The beach, however, is flat and smooth, well adapted for bathing, and furnishing an agreeable and healthy promenade. The air of Hastings, however, is unquestionably too relaxing for delicate persons, who require a dry air without its being keen; for considerably more rain falls here than in London, and the prevalent winds are from the south and south-west.

The walks and rides in the neighbourhood of Hastings are pretty and varied, whether northward to the well-wooded embosomed church and village of Ore, or westward towards Hollington and Crowhurst, or eastward to the frowning cliffs of Ecclesbourne and the “Lovers’ seat” on the yet higher elevation of Fairlight Downs (560 feet high), whence may be seen a glorious view, first of

The wide-rolling ocean,
Now brilliant with sunbeams and dimpled with smiles,
Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale;

then of the bold sweep of the cliffs right away to Dungeness, with masses of undercliff piled over each other in romantic confusion, and clothed with brushwood down to the very edge of the sands, while across the sea may occasionally be seen in clear weather the dim outline of the French coast. With these exceptions, however, the country about Hastings is bare and poor-looking, with scarcely a tree above a shrub or underwood, some few patches of which are just here and there visible in the vicinity of a detached house or cottage. Still the visitor will not forget to take a look at Battle and its abbey; for though the spot has no very great pictorial recommendations, it is interesting as the site of a battle which fixed the crown of England on the brows of William the Norman, the head of all the royal houses that have held sway in Britain ever since, and the source and fountain of those boasted honours and ancestral distinctions by which the blood of four-fifths of the present most distinguished families in this land have been ennobled!

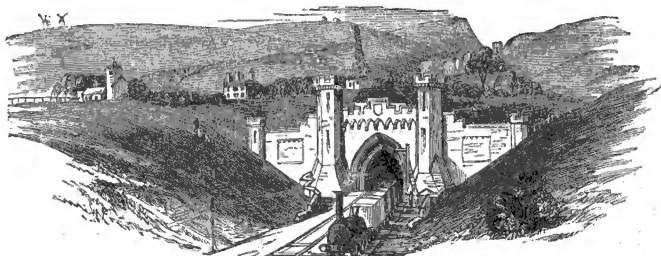
CHAPTER IV.

Main Line resumed—Burgess Hill Station—Hassock's Gate—Hurstperpoint—Clayton Tunnel—Patcham Tunnel—Stanmer Park—Brighton Terminus—Brighton Town—Its History and Topography—Pier and Marine Wall—Pavilion—Public Buildings—Environs.

HAVING thus described the features of the eastern portion of the Brighton Railway from Hayward Heath to Hastings, its eastern terminus, we shall now request our fellow-travellers to retrace their steps with us back to the junction, from which point we will at once conduct them onwards to BRIGHTON, on which town, owing to its great importance as a watering-place, we shall be obliged to dwell at some length.

About a mile and a half beyond the HAYWARD HEATH STATION, while passing through a fine cultivated country, with fertile corn-fields interspersed with meadows, we see on the left the handsome steeple of Wivelsfield Church, belonging to a pretty rural village, near which is More House, the property of the Tanner family; and at no great distance is Pepper Hall. About two miles again onward, and we arrive at the junction of the Lewes line, which we have already described; not long after which we reach the BURGESS HILL STATION, $41\frac{1}{2}$ miles from London, and nine from Brighton, near which, on an elevation to the right, is *Clayton Priory*, the mansion of Lieut.-Colonel Elwood. A further ride of two miles and a half brings us to the HASSOCK'S GATE STATION, which furnishes access to several interesting villages that are pretty thickly scattered on both sides of the line in this locality. Thus, on the right, we have *Hurst* or *Hurstperpoint*, a small market-town with some 2300 inhabitants, a fine church, and a very pretty Dissenting chapel, erected by the munificent Mr. Hannington, a most honourable man, and one of the leading tradesmen of Brighton; about a mile north from which is an establishment called *St. John's College*, in connexion with *St. Nicholas' College*, Shoreham, which is conducted and supported by Tractarian or extra High Church clergymen, and near which, also, is *Danny Park*, the ancient seat of the Dacres. Then again, in the same direction, are *Albourne*, *Woolmancote*, *Newtimber*, and *Shermanbury*; while on the other side

are *Keymer* and *Ditchling*, both of whose churches are visible from the line, with *Clayton*, *Westmeston*, and *Plumpton* at a further distance. The curious traveller, moreover, will not fail to pay a special visit to the singular ecclesiastical remains at Ditchling. And now, having got thus far, we must apprise our more timid fellow-travellers that we are once again about to leave the light of day and enter, as it were, into the bowels of the earth, passing through **CLAYTON TUNNEL**, a work of extraordinary magnitude, 1 mile 2 furlongs and 4 chains long, cut through the chalk strata of the South Downs, which at Ditchling Beacon attain an elevation of 864

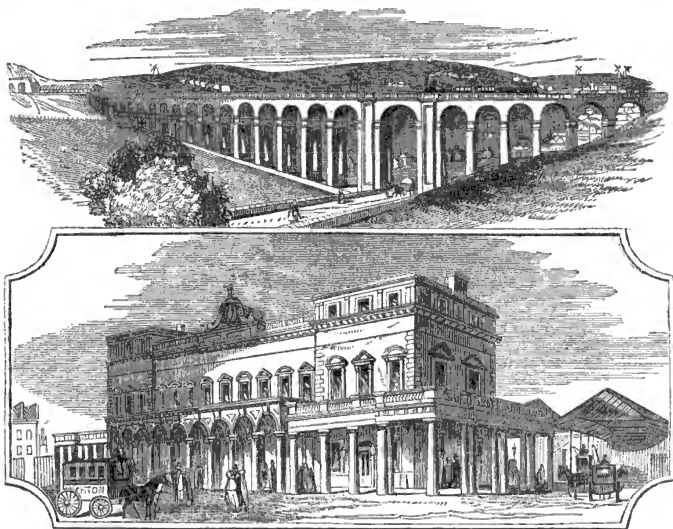


ENTRANCE TO CLAYTON TUNNEL.

feet above the sea. This tunnel passed, we next run through a long, deep cutting of chalk and gravel, varying from 50 to 90 feet in depth, to which succeeds another short tunnel, called the **PATCHAM TUNNEL**, taking its name from a pretty village on the old turnpike-road to Brighton. Within half a mile of the terminus, however, the line enters on the ledge of an open, undulating country, which commands a fine view over the country eastward, embracing the Preston valley, spanned by a noble viaduct, with the higher portions of *Stanmer Park* (the estate of the Earl of Chichester) and the Downs, including Brighton betting-stand and race-course in the farthest distance.

The train now dashes into the Brighton Terminus ;—and, gentle reader (after having delivered up, or, *if you be going still onward*, merely *shown* your tickets), you will have time, while the carriages are being slowly driven up to the platform, to observe the leading objects immediately around you—the engine-factory and depôt on the left, and the two branch lines, one leading by a sharp turn eastward over the Preston via-

duct to Lewes, and thence onward to Hastings—the other proceeding westward through a deep cutting and tunnel to Shoreham, Worthing, Chichester, and Portsmouth. It will be seen, likewise, that within an extensive boarded and slate roofing, supported by cast-iron pillars, there are three distinct sets of rail, the first and most considerable, which is placed in the centre, serving for the traffic between London and Brighton, that on the west side or right hand communicating with Worthing, Chichester, and Portsmouth, while that on the extreme left runs to Lewes and Newhaven. The Brighton Terminus, moreover, is by no means



EXTERIOR OF THE TERMINUS AT BRIGHTON, AND VIEW OF PRESTON VIADUCT.

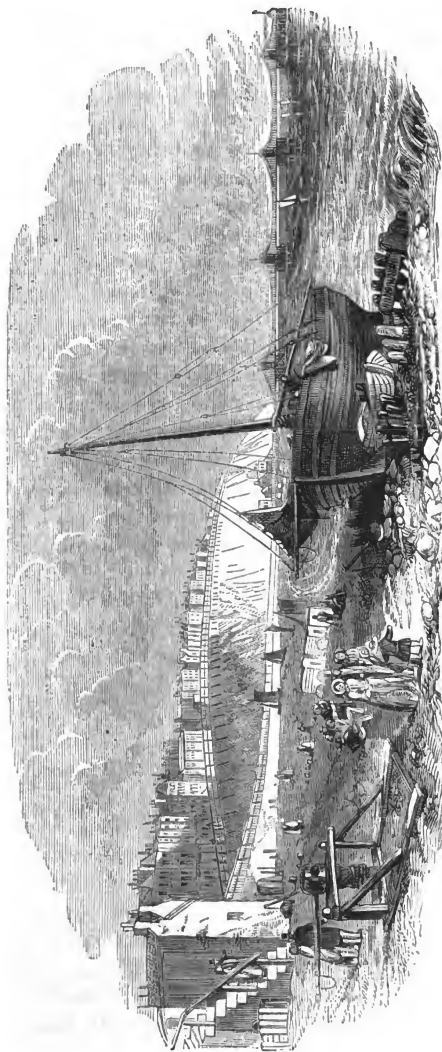
destitute, as our engraving will show, of external architectural beauty, having a colonnade in front surmounted by an illuminated clock-face, and being altogether a very handsome building, having spacious rooms for directors, clerks, and other officials engaged in conducting the traffic of this very important and all but constantly busy station, with waiting-rooms, refreshment-rooms, and other *et ceteras* for the accommodation of passengers. The terminus, however, is, we regret to observe, quite in the

northern suburb of the town, involving for pedestrians a long and not very agreeable walk ; and we would rather recommend our friends to jump into an omnibus than venture to brave the glare of the red-brick pavement down the Queen's-road and North-street to Market-square, the Steyne, and the sea.

We shall now attempt a general sketch of Brighton ; but will previously just describe the branch to Lewes, a small line of some dozen miles, rendered celebrated in the history of railway catastrophes by the precipitation of a train over a bridge into a brook below, involving the sacrifice of two lives. After crossing the Preston viaduct—a fine structure of 27 arches, elevated 67 feet above the Preston-road (by the side of which may be seen the cavalry barracks)—the line passes through two tunnels, the first 150 yards, after which it enters a deep cutting about three-quarters of a mile in length, and then skirts the grounds of Stanmer Park, passing through another tunnel of 200 yards, which runs underneath the village of *Falmer*, which is about four miles from Lewes, and is entered close to the ruins of its ancient priory.

BRIGHTON, a seaport, market-town, and parish in Sussex, fifty-one miles south of London, and six miles east of New Shoreham (or, as it used to be called, *Brightelm-ton*, from one *Brightelm*, said to have been an Anglo-Saxon Bishop of Chichester), is now *par excellence* the fashionable sea-side watering-place of England, and comprises (1853) a fixed population of about 70,000 persons, with a further addition of 20,000 visitors during the season, which here lasts from August to the end of January. Only a century ago it was a mere fishing village, with not more than 800 inhabitants. In fact, when Lewes was populous, wealthy, and important, the abode of valiant knights and learned cowed monks, Brighton was a poor hamlet ; and its first rise from obscurity was due to the recommendation of it, as a bathing-place, by one Dr. Richard Russell, who migrated hither in 1750 from his seat at Malling, near Lewes, and published some works on sea-bathing, recommending more particularly this place, at which he resided—in a house at the south extremity of the Steyne. Even eleven years later, however, when Dr. Relhan wrote his “History of Brighthelmstone,” it consisted merely of six leading streets, several lanes, and some spaces surrounded with houses “called by the inhabitants squares,” the buildings then being of flint stones obtained from the beach, ornamented (as many of the

lodging-houses still are) with brickwork round the doors and windows: this—the older and original part of the town—lay mostly to the west of the Steyne, and consisted of North, West, and East-streets, with Ship-street, Black Lion-street, &c., and some smaller thoroughfares, while the Steyne (so called from the Flemish word *steen*, a rock), now so beautifully laid out, well planted, and adorned with two works of high art, the *Victoria Fountain* and *Statue of George IV.*, the great patron of Brighton, in those days served as a mere drying green for the fishermen's nets, and as a place for building the hog-boats and luggers used in their perilous calling. How vast the contrast with its appearance now, comprising, as it does, a long vista of houses perched along the cliff facing the sea, and extending more than three miles, from *Adelaide Crescent*, on the west, along the *Esplanade*, *King's Road*, and *Marine Parade*, to *Arundel Crescent*, which forms the eastern extremity of that magnificent suburb called **KEMP TOWN**, which was built in 1821, on the estate of the late **T. R. Kemp, Esq.** (formerly M.P. for Lewes), with fine streets and squares running therefrom, and climbing the chalk hills above, as *Lansdowne Place*, *Montpelier Road*, &c. And then, again, what a number of streets there is which rise on the hills behind, parallel with the shore, as the *Western Road*, *St. James's-street*, and *St. George's Road*, *Carlton Hill*, &c., with multitudes of others running out of them in all imaginable directions, and of all degrees of respectability. How fine, too, is the central series of open greens, flanked by handsome lodging-houses and private residences, called the *Grand Parade*, *Pavilion Parade*, &c., which extend northward beyond the *North Level* to *Hanover Terrace*, near the *Royal Gardens*. On Church Hill, too, are several commanding rows of houses, as *Clifton Terrace* and *Buckingham Place*; nor is there any doubt that the limits of the town will be yet much more extended towards the north-west. On the whole, therefore, to those who prefer bricks, mortar, and stucco to green fields and rural retirement (which we confess we do not), Brighton must offer all the attractions of London, combined with those of a capitally appointed watering-place; added to which, it has excellent and even splendid shops, with—in most cases—civil, obliging proprietors, and polite, good-looking shopmen, with whom ladies may while away a morning quite as pleasantly as at Howell and James's, Hunt and Roskell's, or the illustrious Mr. Shoolbred's, and with equal advantage to their husbands' or fathers' pockets.



THE BEACH AT BRIGHTON.

The seaward part of Brighton, moreover, has received immense improvement from the construction of the MARINE WALL, begun in 1827, and completed near the close of 1838. It is formed of concrete cement, composed of boulders, lime, and sand, well mixed up; is nearly two miles long, reaching from the fish-market, near Brill's baths, to the end of Kemp Town, and has an average height of sixty feet,

while the thickness at its base ranges between fifteen and twenty-three feet, gradually tapering upwards to the top, where it is only two feet thick: its construction cost altogether very nearly 100,000*l*. In front of it, also, directly down on the beach, are two fine, well-paved esplanades, one leading on to the pier, and the other just below the cliff at Kemp Town, where it is united by a tunnel with the garden and lawn in

the centre of *Lewes Crescent*. Another work, not only of exceeding beauty but of great usefulness as a promenade for visitors, is the **CHAIN PIER**—a structure erected in 1822-3, after the design and under the superintendence of Lieutenant, now Sir S. Brown, R.N., at an expense of 30,000*l*. It is 1136 feet long, and thirteen feet wide, the platform being supported by the chains, which at the northern end pass fifty-four feet into the cliff, and are there strongly bolted, whence they pass seaward with alternate dips over the towers, and descend into the sea at their furthest extremity, which is firmly embedded in the rock. The platform is 13 feet broad, and hung on the chains by a continued series of 362 upright rods, and each division of the chains, of which there are four on either side formed by the intervention of the towers, has 117 links of a hundred-weight each, the piles being four in number, at a distance of 258 feet from each other, while the towers above are of cast-iron, each weighing fifteen tons, and rising twenty-five feet above the platform, which is itself thirteen feet above high-water mark. The interiors of these turrets are fitted up as shops for fancy articles. The pier head consists of an extensive platform, raised on piles and paved, not—as elsewhere almost universally—with hot, glaring red bricks, but with good Purbeck stone; and from it descend successive flights of steps to a lower room, and thence down to the sea; in a gallery beneath are commodious sea-water baths. This structure, strong as it was when originally built, was nearly destroyed by a dreadful storm October 22, 1833, when a large portion of the platform was blown up, the chains were broken, and the towers drawn from their perpendicular. In connexion with the pier, too, it may be here noticed, that from its head, in 1822, started the *Swift*, the first steam-vessel that ever plied between Brighton and Dieppe. Within the last three or four years, however, the vessels have sailed from Newhaven, as described in detail at p. 32.

As respects buildings, Brighton can furnish squares, crescents, terraces, hotels, and mansions that may vie in beauty with aristocratic Belgravia, or with Bath, “the Queen of the West”—already very fully described in “George Measom’s Illustrated Guide to the Great Western Railway.” And as regards hotels, the Bedford deserves more than a passing word. This house, as shown in our engraving, is beyond question one of the noblest buildings in Brighton; admirably controlled, too, by Mr. Joseph Ellis, a gentleman in whom the bumps of arrangement, method, and strict integrity are fully developed. Everything at this house is first-rate, and

the whole of the vast establishment, from the well-organised kitchen to the heavenward bedrooms, is regulated and kept in order like only to a beautiful piece of mechanism. Any such description, however, falls more within the province of the *local guide-books*, of which, it must be confessed, that there is a great lack. This fact will, we hope, give to our work an increased value in the minds of the residents of this important town. And now we shall proceed to furnish such description as the subject deserves, of a building that is looked upon as the great glory of the Brightonians—the temple whilome of *their modern Heliogabalus*—so strangely apotheosed by these sage townspeople, who regard royalty to be in all respects equal to truth or high principle. George IV., misnomered “the first gentleman of Europe,” spent here a most extravagant and profligate life; and, as Mrs. Fitzherbert and others of his houris were fixed here, he bought, in 1783, a property from T. Kemp, Esq., of no great im-



THE PAVILION, AND BEDFORD HOTEL.

portance or size; but on this ground, in the four subsequent years, was erected that *bizarre* and unintelligible pile of buildings, so celebrated in the history of Brighton and “wickedness in high places,” yclept **THE PAVILION**,

the grounds of which are now applied to a far better purpose than formerly—to the amusement and health-improvement of the inhabitants and visitors. As for its style, to any person of true taste, it must appear as anomalous and insipid in idea, as ridiculous, too, in absurdity, as the Kremlin of Moscow, without its grand proportions and vast extent. It was begun in 1817, and finally completed in 1827, principally from designs by the favourite employé Nash, in the Oriental style, with numerous cupolas, spires, and minarets, that remind us more of the dwelling of a Mohammedan Pacha, or a Chinese Mandarin of three tails, than of a Prince holding the sway in a Christian country. And the interior, splendid as it was in the palmy days of George IV., only too closely corresponds in wretchedness of taste with the exterior. The banquetting-hall is sixty feet long by forty-two in breadth, and the rotunda has a diameter of fifty-five feet; while the Chinese gallery, which is most expensively decorated in that style, so fashionable after our first encounter with the Celestians during Lord Amherst's mission. The palace and grounds, however, were purchased in 1850 from the Government by the body of Town-Commissioners (we hear 112 in number), for some 60,000*l.*; and the Pavilion may now be seen for a trifling sum, while its gardens are open, and, highly to the credit of the town, very beautifully kept. We cannot, however, but regret that the noble Moorish-built stables, second only to those at Versailles, should have been converted into an artillery dépôt, or cavalry stables. Without any personal partiality for equestrian performances, we believe that they are—(how often have we gone on purpose to see the delights, the ecstasies of the youngsters)—the least objectionable of dramatic entertainments for children; and we really wonder that the Brightonians have not taken up the idea, which was first suggested in the *Brighton Herald* about five years ago. These stables are at the north-western angle of the grounds, and are surmounted by a dome, the circumference of which is bombastically described by some local writers as *only twenty feet less than that of St. Paul's*; but then they forget, poor men, the immense height, &c., of the two great Apostles, and place their wretched deformed dwarf in suicidal contrast with the giants of Rome and London. They have now been converted to a far better use than in the times of the English Tiberius—that of offices for the Commissioners and Overseers of Brighton, and also for an artillery dépôt and stables.

Brighton originally comprised not only the town itself, but a large rural district in a single parish; and, strange to say, notwithstanding the

vastly increasing spiritual wants of the Brightonians, and those who provide them something more than bread and cheese, *St. Nicholas*, therefore, a curious old dilapidated building, with some very much over-rated monuments, is the mother church; and, with the exception of *Adelaide-crescent*, *Brunswick-terrace*, and the tributary streets (which are in the adjoining parish of Hove), all the district churches and chapels-of-ease are situated in this parish. We furnish the list, with other particulars, from the Clergy List of 1853:

	St. NICHOLAS	Incumbent, H. M. Wagner, M.A.
	St. Peter's	" T. Cooke, M.A.
	St. Paul's	" A. D. Wagner.
	Christ Church	" James Vaughan, M.A.
W.	St. Stephen's	" G. Wagner.
	All Saints'	" T. Coombe.
	The Chapel Royal.....	" Thomas Trocke, M.A.
	Trinity Chapel	"
	St. Margaret's Chapel	" W. M. Du Pré.
	St. Andrew's Chapel	" O. Marden, LL.B.
	All Souls'	" R. S. Smith.
	St. John's	" S. R. Drummond, M.A.
E.	St. Mark's	" B. Elliot.
	St. George's Chapel	" J. H. North.
	St. James's Chapel	" C. D. Maitland, M.A.
	St. Mary's Chapel.....	" H. V. Elliot, M.A.

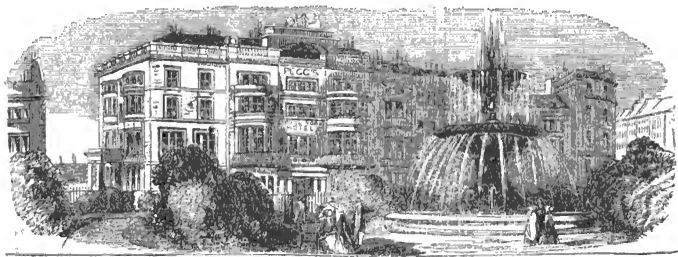
As respects any architectural merits, *St. Peter's*, at the end of the North Steyne, most decidedly claims the first place as a good specimen of the early English style; and certainly, much as some over-nice critics depreciate imitations, it is a building that does great credit to Brighton; far more, indeed, than that called *St. Paul's* (the minister of which is now collecting funds for a new spire to this church, which, with the tower, will be 220 feet high), in *West-street*, which, though a building of much higher pretensions, has, with many good general points, internal arrangements that are slightly discordant with those of the Church of England. There are several other very handsome district churches—as *St. Stephen's*, and *Christ Church*, near the *Montpelier-road*; *St. Mark's*, in *Kemp Town*, &c., with about nine or ten private speculation or proprietary chapels.

The Dissenters, too, judging from the number of their meeting-houses, are no insignificant body here, either in wealth or numbers; for we find that the Independents have five, the Baptists four, and the Wesleyans three places of worship; besides which, doubtless, there are many others, not forgetting the Roman Catholic Chapel and Jews' Synagogue.

Brighton, moreover, holds no mean rank with respect to its educational

institutions; for, first of all, we have *Brighton College*, a pseudo-Elizabethan structure, a little to the north of the Royal Crescent—an establishment which has for its classical professor one of the most learned, and withal, most modest men in Europe; and we opine that, under the present superintendence, the college is prosperous, as well as useful. Then, again, there is *St. Mary's Hall*, a sort of asylum set up by well-meaning High Church people for clergymen's daughters; and as for national, British, infant, and other schools, their name is legion; nor would we venture to assert the numbers of the "juveniles" who are thereby "made men of."

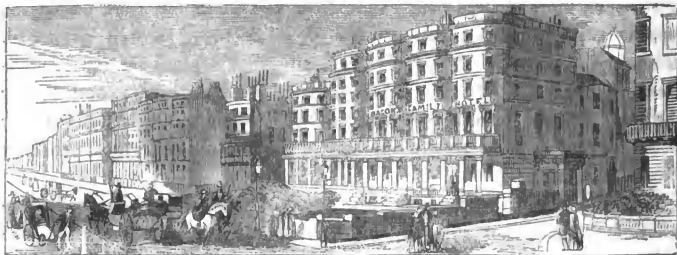
Brighton, again, has no lack of benevolent institutions—those for the relief of the poor and afflicted, whether mentally or otherwise; for here we have a fine *County Hospital* in the Eastern road, Kemp Town, a lying-in hospital and eye dispensary in the Queen's-road, infirmary and work-house on Church Hill, female orphan asylum, asylum for the deaf and dumb, humane society, &c.; and as respects literature, whether grave or light, the town has a Royal Literary Institution, an Athenæum, and several good libraries and news-rooms; besides which, there are five large and excellently-appointed bath establishments, including a very fine tepid swimming bath at Brill's, in East-street, with a spa and pump-room at Brighton Park, where the invalid may quaff, without the trouble of distant travel, some very respectable imitations of the mineral waters at Ems, Marienbaden, Pyrmont, Spa, Seltzer, &c. Neither must we omit the principal hotels, which are not overmatched by comparison with the



VICTORIA FOUNTAIN, AND ROYAL YORK HOTEL.

very best in London, Bath, Folkstone, and Dover. The *Royal York*, on the Old Steyne, kept by Mr. Pegg, is just one of those comfortable, enticing-looking houses that never fail to tempt the traveller to enter, nor

will any one regret doing so, who, partaking of our weakness, has a leaning towards good fare and rich wines, both of which are invariably supplied by the practised and worthy host.



EAST ESPLANADE, AND BRISTOL HOTEL.

Of the *Bristol*, in Kemp Town, by Mr. Bacon, late of the Freemasons', London, little need be said by way of recommendation—the host being well known to every frequenter of English hotels—beyond the fact, that the house is magnificently situated near Kemp Town, having splendid views of the sea, and possessing all the requirements for the large and increasing business that the excellent management of the proprietor is sure to command.



THE OLD STEYNE, AND SHIP HOTEL

We feel called upon to notice one other hotel in this fashionable town—the *Old Ship* in the King's-road, directly facing the sea. Possessing a noble coffee-room, the finest ball-room in Brighton, card and sale-rooms, and a plentiful supply of good sitting and bedrooms,—if to all this the reader adds good treatment (and he may safely do so), we fancy we have, as the lawyers say, made out a case in favour of the proprietors.

Among the public buildings of Brighton applied to town purposes, the first place is due to the *Town-hall* in “Bartholomew's,” off East-street—

a large and imposing pile of buildings with three double porticos, 140 feet long and 113 broad, and which cost in erection 46,000*l*. The lower or basement story is occupied as a borough gaol, the floor above as magistrates' courts, debt courts, clerks' offices, &c., with a handsome assembly-room in the upper or principal story. Opposite is the *Market-house*, which is both lofty and spacious, built in the form of the letter T—the principal entrances being in Market and Black Lion streets; it is open daily for the sale of meat, poultry, fish, vegetables, &c., and is perhaps one of the very best and most abundantly supplied of any markets in the southern counties. The *corn-market* is held on Thursday afternoons in Marlborough-place, and the *fish-market* daily (6 A.M.) on the beach, close to Mahomet's baths—where the sales are conducted, as at Billingsgate, by "Dutch auction;" the early riser—and all should rise with the sun when living at watering-places for dear health's sake—will be amply repaid for a visit to this very primitive auction-mart, the fun and repartee that passes between sellers and buyers adding no small part to the amusement. The Brighton fishery employs a vast number of boats and men, principally in catching mackerel and herrings, both of which they take enormous quantities, but also, though on a much smaller scale, soles, turbot, and brills, gurnets, mullets, &c. Within the last fifteen years, however, many of the Brighton fishermen have left, and transferred a large portion of the trade to Hastings. There is a very pretty *theatre* in the New-road, near the Pavilion; and here during autumn may be seen many of our metropolitan favourites—"starring," as it is termed, when they perform in the provinces. There are both *cavalry and infantry barracks*—one set opposite the Pavilion, the other on the Lewes-road; but since the departure of royalty from Brighton there have been fewer soldiers here than in the olden and palmy days of the fourth George. There is a *Custom-house* in the King's-road, and a *Post-office* in Ship-street; besides which the town is well supplied with water by a company, whose reservoir is near the race-course, and with gas by two companies, one at Hove and the other at the east end of Kemp Town. We may add, moreover, that the whole town has a clean, respectable appearance, though somewhat hot withal from its red-brick pavement, and preciously dusty too, notwithstanding all the watering of the Commissioners. Brighton has neither manufactures nor trade, except so far as is required by the wants of the inhabitants and visitors; but there are a good many hands employed in making Tunbridge ware. There are two extensive banks—the *Brigh-*

ton Union Bank, and the *London and County Joint-Stock Bank*, with a savings bank; and there are four Brighton newspapers—the *Herald*, the *Guardian*, the *Gazette*, and the *Examiner*, besides two other county papers; and there is postal communication thrice daily with London.

The neighbourhood of Brighton offers numerous pleasant, though, owing to the chalky soil and the almost entire absence of trees, somewhat hot walks; but in several places, what Nature has denied the art of man has provided—as for instance, at *Brighton Park*, at the back of Edward-street to the north of Kemp Town, to which we have before alluded; and then we have the *Dairy Gardens* above the railway terminus, and along the vale leading northward to Preston and Patcham. About five miles eastward, again, are *Ovingdean* and *Rottingdean*, the latter of which has a very pretty rural church, with a curious tidal well—oddly enough, full at low, and empty at high, water; it has recently, and from its quietness, very deservedly become the favourite abode of persons who, like sensible people immersed in business, whether parliamentary, legal, or commercial, wish to wholly unbend the bow and seek downright peace and retirement, as well as sea-bathing. A little beyond, too, the cliffs seaward rise to a great height—what are called “the Three Churls” having an elevation of 300 feet. About four miles, also, to the north-east of Brighton, by the turnpike-road to Lewes, is *Stanmer Park*, a demesne of some 1500 acres, belonging to the Earl of Chichester, and most strikingly diversified as to surface, some of its higher parts commanding most beautiful views over the south-downs and neighbouring coast.

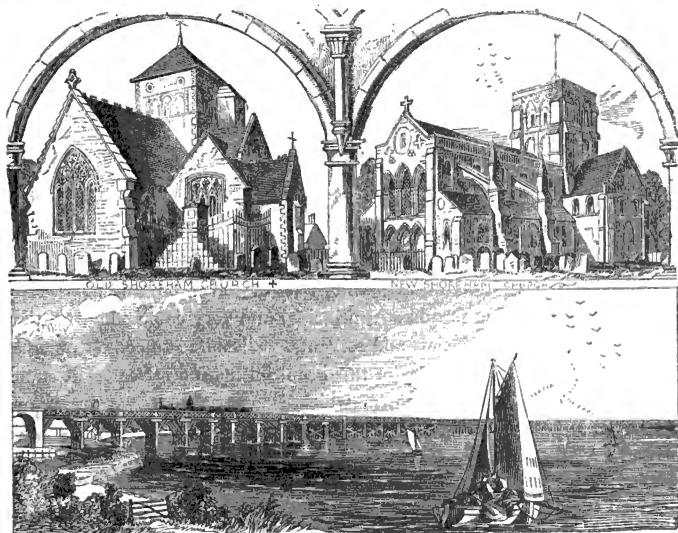
CHAPTER V.

The South Coast Line—Hove—Kingston and Shoreham—Lancing—Worthing and its Environs—Goring and Highdown Hill—Arundel and Littlehampton—Yapton—Bognor.

THE south-coast line turns sharp off to the east immediately on leaving the Brighton Terminus; and after passing through the *New England Tunnel*, cut in the chalk directly beneath Henfield-road, we arrive, after a mile and a half's run, at the HOVE STATION, whence a good view is obtained of Hove new church, belonging to a village of that name, which is now a mere western continuation of Brighton. Hard by, also, in a meadow, are the ruins of *Aldrington Church*, which formerly belonged to a

village said to have been destroyed by the encroachments of the sea. From two to four miles northward are *Goldstone Bottom*, celebrated for its boulders,—*Hollingbury Ring*, a circular Roman encampment,—the *Devil's Dyke*, a precipitous valley, formed by one of Dame Nature's vagaries, but vulgarly ascribed to the great author of mischief, whose name it bears, and, as well from its natural peculiarities as the splendid views its summit (the highest spot in Sussex) affords of the surrounding scenery, is a place much frequented by summer visitors,—and lastly, the village of *Poynings*, with its pretty, rustic, wood-embosomed church, abounding with monuments of the Poynings, an old baronial family, one of whom, Michael de Poynings, the founder of the church, attended Edward III. in his wars in France, and died there.

Our next stopping-place is *Kingston-on-Sea*, a mere hamlet, included in the returns of Shoreham: a little northward is *Kingston House*. At length, about five miles and a half from Brighton, we reach the **SHOREHAM STATION**, close to the borough and port of that name, on the river Adur. The principal place is *New Shoreham*, probably a colony from the more ancient town of *Old Shoreham*, about a mile northward,



OLD AND NEW SHOREHAM CHURCHES, AND ADUR VIADUCT.

whose church (lately restored) is a beautiful specimen of Saxon architecture. This borough has returned two members to Parliament for upwards of five centuries; and in 1770 the right of voting was extended to all qualified persons within the Rape of Bamber, including forty-two parishes. With the exception of the Custom-house, a neat Grecian edifice, there are no public buildings, and the houses are old and small.

No one, however, who stops here can fail to admire its *fine Norman church*, an erection of the twelfth century, 210 feet long, the once ruined western end having been restored by the Cambridge Camden Society, assisted by a munificent donation of 500*l.* There is also a school, called St. Nicolas College, supported by the Tractarian patrons of Hurst College, already mentioned. At the western entrance to the town is a noble suspension-bridge over the river Adur, opened in 1833. The entrance to Shoreham harbour is about a mile eastward of the town: it is an artificial opening to the sea, used as a substitute for the river Adur, which has long been blocked up with sand and shingles. The present channel, cut nearly twenty years ago, is upwards of 200 feet wide, protected on each side by piers running a considerable distance into the sea; and a lighthouse directs vessels to the harbour during the night. From Shoreham harbour Charles II. escaped to France after the disastrous battle of Worcester. Close to Shoreham, also, are the *Swiss Gardens*, a sort of Vauxhall for the Brightonians; and about four miles north is the ancient, now disfranchised, borough of *Bramber*, degenerated to a pretty little village, with 130 inhabitants (*sic tempora mutantur*)—near which are the ruins of *Bramber Castle*, founded by one of the Conqueror's followers, William de Braon, one of whose descendants, with his family, became the victim of the direst cruelty that ever stained the reign of the selfish, cold-hearted King John.

A few miles after passing the little sea-side village of *Lancing*, we arrive at the WORTHING STATION, ten miles west of Brighton, and about sixty miles from the London terminus, a principal and very commodious station, with particularly civil officials and servants, well suited to come in contact with the very genteel company of this beautiful marine retreat. It stands about half a mile from the town, which is approached by a broad and well-kept, but withal rather dusty, road.

WORTHING is itself a very pretty town, particularly clean and interesting from its whitewashed houses and handsome green blinds and verandahs. Its best houses are formed in terraces facing the sea, along the shore of which is a fine esplanade about a mile long, with gravel-walks



SOMPTING AND BROADWATER CHURCHES, AND BEACH AT WORTHING.

and seats for promenaders; and the beach is admirably adapted for bathing. The fixed population is stated to have been 6000 at the census of 1851; and the principal buildings are a new and rather handsome town-hall with a clock tower, an old church, modern chapel-of-ease, and three Dissenting chapels, together with a national school, infant school, girls' school of industry, and a good market-house. Regarding Worthing as a place of residence, it bears no comparison with Brighton, as respects either architectural grandeur, or gaiety of company, or convenience as to shops; but to those who go down to the south-coast as real health-seekers, loving retirement and the absence of all bustle and town-gaiety, it will ever have charms, equalled only by those of Eastbourne and Rottingdean. Again, with reference to its salubrity, Worthing has the highest claims on the notice of invalids; but it is withal somewhat relaxing to certain patients, and the smells down on the beach proceeding from decayed sea-weed are—if wholesome—anything but agreeable. On the whole, therefore, pleasant and genteel as Worthing is for the general run of visitors, it is hardly suited for confirmed invalids or consumptive patients, whose cases will be far better met by the climates of Hastings and Ventnor in the Isle of

Wight. Little more remains for observation but the fact that it forms with Broadwater a part of the borough of Shoreham, and has two branch banks, a savings bank, a fine hotel (the Sea-house) facing the beach, with several good inns, a handsome assembly-room and theatre, with news-rooms, libraries, and other appliances for killing time, and alleviating, if not dispelling, ennui. The Sea-house Hotel, however, deserves more than a passing notice; for independently of its commanding situation and great extent, it is admirably conducted by Mr. Fowler; celebrated, too, for its fine wines; and we can scarcely wonder that our late revered Queen Adelaide was so much delighted with her residence at this hotel in 1850, or that she should have expressed so warmly her acknowledgments to the proprietor. This house is only equalled by our worthy friend Birmingham's good Ship at Dover, or that well-managed hotel the Pavilion at Folkestone.



LEOMINSTER CHURCH, AND TOWN OF ARUNDEL.

The next stop is at GORING, three miles onward; and a further ride of four miles takes us to ANGMERING, which, like the last, is a small intermediate station in the midst of a fine cultivated rural district. Two miles

further again, and we arrive at the **LITTLEHAMPTON AND ARUNDEL STATION**, one of the most important stopping-places on this part of the line, made to communicate with *Littlehampton* southward—a very retired watering-place about three miles from the line; and northward with *Arundel*, a parish and town of Sussex on the N.W. side of the Arun, 55 miles S.S.W. from London, having an area of 1830 acres. It is a place of great antiquity, illustrious both on account of its antique church and its noble baronial castle and park—the time-honoured seat of the Howards, and giving the title of Earl to that family. The park and grounds are finely wooded, very extensive, and embracing an all but infinite variety of picturesque situations and scenery; for on one side are the bold projections of the Downs, the long valley of Pugh Dean winding its way among the hills, or losing itself in the marshes below, and the hanging beech-woods that clothe the steep acclivities on each side of Swanburne Lake; while on the other the undulations of hill and dale which characterise the eastern boundary of this ancient park, the frequent villages scattered over the fine cultivated country beyond, the numerous windings of the Arun lingering on his course, and turning again and again, as if to bid farewell to this lovely spot, and the English Channel rolling in the distance and bounding the horizon from west to east, contribute altogether to form a galaxy of beauties on which the beholder cannot gaze without delight, nor leave without feeling the force of the poet's words:

Farewell, Aruna! on whose varied shore
My early vows were paid at Nature's shrine!
. Sighing I resign
Thy solitary beauties, and no more
Or on thy rocks or in thy woods recline,
Or on the heath, by moonlight ling'ring, pore
On air-drawn phantoms.

Arundel, moreover, is a parliamentary borough, with about 2000 inhabitants, formerly sending two members to the House of Commons; but one member was disallowed by the Reform Act, and the present representative is Lord Edward G. Howard. It is also a municipal corporation, governed by a mayor, two other aldermen, and eighteen councillors; but the borough revenues, in 1851, reached barely 90*l.* About three miles to the north-west is *Dale Park*, the seat of J. Abel Smith, Esq., M.P., late one of the Lords of the Treasury.

The two next stations, at FORD and YAPTON, are quite unimportant; but our next stop is at a place of far greater consideration, the WOODGATE

STATION, which communicates with *Bognor*, about four miles to the south, a watering-place well known to invalids, and once, in the days of George III., much patronised by his queen and the princesses. We shall tarry here awhile, in order to describe it. *Bognor* has the misfortune, like Worthing, of being built on a flat, close to the sea; but it is unquestionably a pretty and agreeable place; not, indeed, remarkable for its architectural beauty, except, perhaps, one terrace and a few additional good rows of houses, villas, &c. It has a population of about 2000 persons, besides visitors; and it boasts of several capital shops, with men to serve therein. The town also possesses an eloquent bellman; four policemen—lounging, lack-a-daisical sort of fellows; a capital market for fish, and, on certain days, a good supply of meat. The general climatic remarks on Worthing apply with equal force to Bognor, of which we now take a respectful leave.

Our next stop—mind you, brother traveller, with a very slow train—is at the DRAYTON STATION, $26\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Brighton, and only two from the CHICHESTER STATION, near an episcopal city, of which we must furnish a brief description.



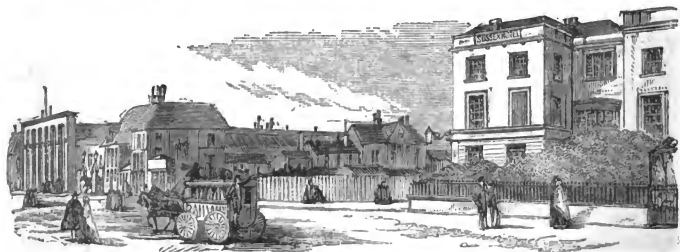
CHICHESTER FROM THE MARKET-CROSS.

Chichester is situated about seven miles from the western boundary of Sussex, near an arm of the sea, and on the small river Lavant, which nearly surrounds it. The town consists of four principal streets, named after the cardinal points of the compass, and meeting in one common centre, at which is an octagonal cross—one of the most elegant in England. The old stone walls are still kept in good repair, and two well-planted public walks have been formed on an artificial mound thrown up within the wall. The cathedral was built in the twelfth century; but some parts are as late as the fifteenth. The steepled bell-tower is extremely beautiful and full of grace, though certainly not forming any part of the substantive structure, and the choir has some splendidly-carved oak stalls. The chantry of St. Richard is an exquisite specimen of Gothic workmanship; and the church contains some good monuments, including a noble one by Flaxman to the memory of the poet Collins (1720—1756), who was a native of this place. Close to the cathedral is the bishop's palace, and hard by the deanery, built by Bishop Sherlock. The present diocesan is Dr. Ashurst T. Gilbert, late principal of Brasenose College, Oxford, a good man—a learned one, too, and beyond all doubt a temperate and judicious bishop. (We here beg to call the visitor's attention to a good Guide to the Cathedral, written by Mr. Crocker, one of the vergers.) Chichester is a city and county of itself, in the hundred of Box and Stockbridge, west division of Sussex, 56 miles S.W. by S. of London, situated about six miles from the coast, on a plain, which extends from the west of Brighton to Portsmouth. The harbour, about a mile and a half from the city, communicates with the Lavant, which falls into an estuary at Dell Key. Vessels of 180 tons can come up to the harbour. The area of the city and county is 1680 acres. About two centuries ago the trade of needle-making for all England was done in this city. The cattle-market is one of the largest in Great Britain, London excepted. Chichester has also seven parish churches and several chapels for Dissenters, a guildhall, theatre, and a capital hotel—the Dolphin—kept by Mr. Ballard, who is a clever manager and a most obliging host. *Here* recommendation is useless—every one knows the Dolphin and its master; and our readers will use the one and form the acquaintance of the other as surely as they visit the good old town; nor can they possibly do better. As for the town, it is dull enough, like most cathedral towns, containing among its cowed monks in the precincts

not exactly "the pride that apes humility," but a vast deal of nonsensical pride without any humility at all. The population of Chichester, at the late census, amounted to 8622; since the year 1295 it has regularly sent two members to Parliament,—its present members being J. Abel Smith and Lord Henry Lennox; and it is now governed municipally by a mayor, three other aldermen, and eighteen councillors. We must not forget to mention, that between three and four miles from Chichester is Goodwood—the magnificent estate of the Duke of Richmond, 1200 acres in extent, of extremely and suddenly varied surface, comprising some of the finest sporting ground in the county; and, what is more, the estate includes some of the best cultivated land in Sussex, and is tenanted by farmers who have all confidence in their noble landlord. The well-known Goodwood races are annually held in August on the north side of the park; and, as being in private grounds, are less objectionable than public race-grounds.

EMSWORTH and HAVANT passed—both places of little interest—we soon arrive at the junction, and then, after traversing the low, swampy, Portsea island, at the southern extremity of which the collective town of Portsmouth stands, the train gradually slackens speed, and finally stops at this the ulterior terminus of our railway, a commodious, well-built mass of building, with the usual platforms, &c., for the arrival and departure of trains on the South-Western and South Coast lines. A minute's chat with the intelligent bookvendor at the station soon makes us acquainted with the localities; and now behold us, gentle reader, jogging along in an omnibus through Landport, and onwards to "dirty Portsmouth."

Almost the first object that meets our view during the ride is the Sussex Hotel, a very convenient and withal economical hostelry, kept by



EXTERIOR OF TERMINUS, &C., SUSSEX HOTEL, PORTSMOUTH.

Mr. T. Weston, situated, as shown in our engraving, close to the terminus. It is a very comfortable house, has a noble coffee-room, and every convenience, on a very liberal scale, for those tourists who, like ourselves, are yet in expectancy, rather than possession, of those said nuggets, which, mayhap, will prove after all the evil part of Pandora's box.

And now respecting PORTSMOUTH. The approach thereto is extremely interesting to any visitor unaccustomed to the sight of fortified towns. The grass-clothed glacis is first seen with its large embrasures, through which peer forth the mouths of large cannon, while the bristling bayonets of the sentinels are seen in all directions ; and then come deep ditches. The omnibus rattles over iron drawbridges, and next, a dark, subterraneous arch admits you beneath the ramparts. Once within the walls, fresh novelties strike the attention. A stalwart Highland soldier, for instance, is standing on guard at the house of the Commander-in-Chief (now General Simpson), and a bevy of the same fine fellows are standing at the barrack-gates, lounging after their morning sweat on the Common. Then, again, a little further on we have groups of middies and A.B. sailors assembled round the door of the George : men with trunks of trousers, bare, brawny necks, fists like an elephant's hoof, inscribed with mysterious symbols of anchors, true-love-knots, &c., &c., and likewise with excessively broad-brimmed hats inscribed with their ships' names—a crew of sea dogs as different from the time-honoured stage sailors of T. P. Cooke as true *verde antico* is from a wretched scagliola imitation. Once more—particularly if a ship happens to be paid off that day—a jolly man-of-war's man may be seen parading down the dull, hot High-street, not a little proud withal, having tucked under each arm a finely-bedizened Portsmouth lass. But hark—there is military music ! A regiment has passed from Penny-street towards its barracks ; and look, what noble specimens of God's creation in the way of manhood—the brave 72nd—are merrily trailing into barracks to the sound of “Should auld acquaintance,” or “John Anderson my Joe,” or some other equally attractive and fascinating tune to the quick blood of Highlanders. Of course Master Drum-major looks awfully important, and a crowd of admiring youngsters look up to him as a kind of modern Thor or Odin, important as the ogre conquered by Tom Thumb. These military shows, however, are so frequent at Portsmouth that the inhabitants scarcely turn to look at them ; and the

writer of these remarks was coolly told not to be alarmed, when the windows of the room in which he was writing were shaking as with an earthquake; because it was *only* an artillery-practice day on the Common, and, besides, the ships were saluting, when coming into harbour after the late splendid review.

Of course, when persons visit Portsmouth, they have usually only two objects in view: either a sight of the lines or the dockyard, or else they hurry onward to the Point or Sally-port, to find novelties seaward. This, however, is a great mistake; for Portsmouth, in spite of all its dirt and dulness, is well worth a week's visit: nor do we know any better place for



HIGH-STREET AND GEORGE HOTEL.

a family who want a good home and capital treatment than the George Hotel, a place very superior in every way to anything in Portsmouth, which, though quite first-rate and stylish (kept by Mr. Croft), is very quiet. The charges are moderate, and everything in the shape of good fare and excellent accommodation may be relied upon, not excepting that great



HIGH-STREET AND FOUNTAIN HOTEL.

luxury, good and very clean bedrooms. This hotel is the principal resort of the naval officers. And now we must mention "the Fountain," kept by Mr. Drewatt, as having all the requisites of a well-appointed, first-rate hostelry. This house possesses a fine old, antique room, used, we believe, by George III. upon his several visits to Portsmouth; is very conveniently situated, and under liberal and capital management. Both of these hotels, as well as the one near the terminus, are shown in our engravings.

Portsmouth consists of four leading sections: *Landport*, near the railway; *Portsmouth proper*, the fortified town; *Portsea*, adjoining the dockyard; and *Southsea*, an open set of terraces, forming a sort of watering-place to the east of the military town. We shall first describe Portsmouth proper, and then Portsea. The former has a handsome and straight leading street called *High-street*, in which are the commanders' and admirals' houses, the theatre, banks, and barracks. Two other streets run parallel with the last—*St. Thomas's-street* and *Penny-street*, and for the rest, excepting one called *Point*, leading down towards the steam-ferry to Gosport, they are quite insignificant. With the exception of the parish church and the barracks, however, it contains little or nothing to detain the visitor, except the Semaphore, which is now disused, being superseded by the electric telegraph. He will, nevertheless, be amply repaid for a walk along the lines, not only by the fine views it commands, but by the opportunity here given him of inspecting the fortifications, which are considered the most perfect in England. Before leaving Portsmouth, which has no further features of any interest, we must briefly mention that it has three churches,—an old one in St. Thomas's-street, and two new ones (besides a chapel for the troops in garrison), with three chapels for Dissenters, and attached schools,—two branch banks, one of the Bank of England, a savings bank, literary institution, assembly-room, and theatre. Portsmouth is an ancient borough, both municipal and parliamentary,—as the former, governed by a mayor and five other aldermen, with eighteen councillors,—and as the latter, sending two representatives to the House of Commons. The present members are Sir Francis T. Baring, Bart., and Viscount Monk, the patronage being chiefly vested in the Lords of the Admiralty.

In Portsea of course the great point is the dockyard, which is entered at the west end of what is termed the Common-hard.

To enter into details—to describe, in its proper place, each department

—would fill a volume rather than a brief article; but if you are curious, gentle reader, you may here see every part of a man-of-war made, from the smallest brass-headed nail to the enormous mainmast; everything going on at the same time, yet so methodically divided and arranged that no confusion occurs, no meddling arises. Without noise, without bustle, every part of a ship is made, arranged, and completely fitted within the walls of this wonderful establishment. The following is a good general description, for which we are in part indebted to a well-written, spirited article in the “Home Companion.”

The different portions of this establishment are, indeed, very extensive. Near the entrance-gate are the Port Admiral's house, the Admiral Superintendent's house, the Guard-house and Pay-office, and the Mast-pond; while on the left are mast-houses, store-houses, rigging-house, and sail-lofts. Farther north are the chapel, another range of store-houses, and the rope-house. Then we come to the central part of the yard, having a statue of William III., and around it various officers' houses, carvers' shops, mould-lofts, saw-pits, and joiners' shops. Westward of these, near the water's edge, are a large basin, two jetties, and seven vast dry-docks for ships; and farther north, we come to the building where may be seen the exquisite block machinery, the foundry, the blacksmith's shop, the boat-houses, the boat-house pond, and the numerous “slips” where new ships are built.

Many of these buildings present scenes and operations which, once witnessed, will not soon be forgotten. In the mast-houses we see the immensely long pieces of timber destined to be built in the form of a mast; or in some, which are mast-storehouses, the masts of the ships in ordinary are laid up, each one carefully marked to indicate the ship to which it belongs. The *Victory's* masts, in particular, are carefully laid up in one of the store-houses; and these, as well as every bit and scrap of that old ship, are carefully treasured,—the whole assemblage of pieces belonging to the mainmast of a first-rate being about 212 feet in height—higher than the Monument.

The rope-house, about 1200 feet in length, gives us some idea of the mode in which the almost interminable cordage and rigging of a ship are made: how the spinner wraps a bundle of hemp round his waist, and how, by fastening the hemp to hooks, which are made to revolve, and by walking backwards and drawing out the hemp, he causes the latter to assume the form of yarn, are matters which a little close attention will render clear to

every intelligent observer. Then the other stages in the process: the spinning of many yarns into a "strand," the twisting of three of these strands into a "rope," and the ultimate twisting or "laying" of three ropes into a "cable"—all are interesting. Captain Huddart's rope machinery has been now brought so much into use, that the hand-wrought rope is not now made in such large quantities as in former days: while the adoption of iron instead of hempen cables in large ships, has further reduced the manufacture of the latter. Some of the largest hempen cables used to contain upwards of fifteen thousand pounds weight of hemp! From the causes alluded to, the rope-house is now shorn of some of the interest that was once attached to it.

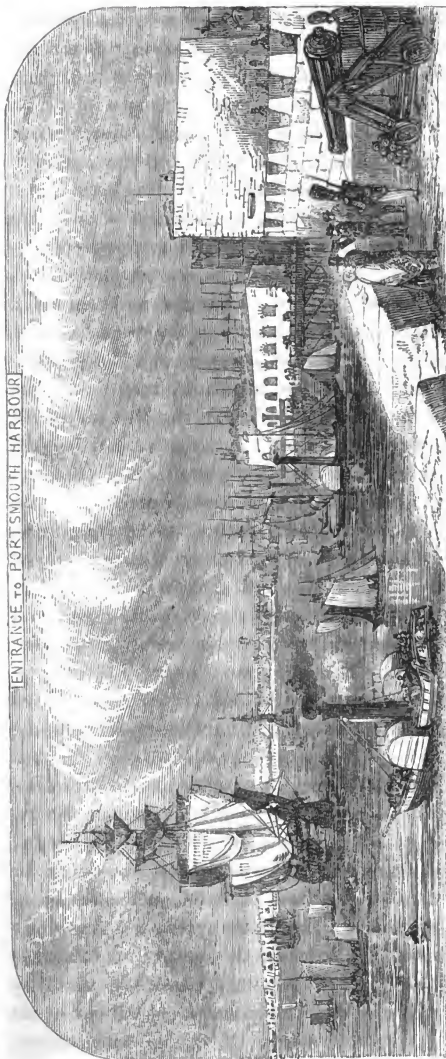
In the tarring-house, we see the means whereby the hemp is so saturated with tar as to render the ropes capable of resisting the action of sea-water. The cauldrons of boiling tar are so placed, that the hanks of hempen yarn, after unwinding from a beam or heap, are made to dip into the melted tar, and then to pass between two rollers, the pressure of which forces the tar into the innermost fibres of the yarn.

The anchors which are lying about in well arranged heaps between the storehouses—every anchor painted to protect it from rust—are astonishing from their vastness, and from the labour required in their fabrication. The largest anchor for a first-rate man-of-war weighs somewhere about ninety cwt., or ten thousand pounds, and used to cost from 300*l.* to 400*l.* sterling:—it is upwards of twenty feet in length, and the main part of the shank varies from eight to twelve inches in thickness. Most picturesque used formerly to be the scene of anchor-making—the glowing mass of iron as taken from the forge-fire—the six or eight men ranged in a circle around it, each with his hammer of sixteen or eighteen pounds weight—and the successive descent of their hammers, as each man in his turn struck his blow—all formed a scene which Rembrandt would have loved to study; but when the steam blowing-machine superseded the smith's bellows, and Nasmyth's steam-hammer did the duty of the hand-worked hammers, the deep lights and shadows, the animated groups of the old forge, ceased to form a picture. This steam-hammer of Nasmyth's is indeed a wonderful worker,—a complete steam-engine which hovers over the article to be struck. There is a cylinder, and a piston within it; and when steam is conveyed through a flexible pipe to this cylinder, the alternate ascent and descent of the piston causes the alternate ascent and descent of the hammer,

—a hammer so enormous, that it could give a blow more forcible than that of all the smiths who could stand round an anchor. And yet so delicately is this monster adjusted, that it can be made to fall so gently as to crack a nut without crushing the kernel within!

Brunel's block-making machinery is one of the finest exhibitions of art in the dockyard. A ship's block, as most persons may perhaps be aware, is an oval mass of wood, with one or more grooves running round the edge; holes perforating it in various directions; and sheaves, or weels, fixed on axles so as to revolve; the case, or "shell," of the block is made of elm or ash, and the sheaves of *lignum vitæ*. The object of these blocks is to serve as pulleys, for hauling-up and drawing-in the various ropes, sails, yards, &c., on shipboard. These blocks were made by hand wholly (with the exception of a short period in the last century, when water-worked machines were invented to do some of the work). But in 1802, Sir Isambert Brunel patented a complete series of machines, by which the entire block is now made; and the Government soon availed itself of the invention, which has ever since been one of the triumphs of Portsmouth dockyard. The workshop in which this clever automaton works is an oblong square building, filled with machines from end to end; and these machines can be so connected with a steam-engine as to put them into, or out of work, in an instant. As, however, we have no space for expatiating on details, we simply observe that it has abridged the labour tenfold, and the whole expense of the machinery, including Sir I. Brunel's premium and salary, was repaid by the profits in four years.

Few towns, however, present a greater contrast than the appearance of Portsmouth now, and during the feverish bustle and excitement of manning and equipping a large fleet during the last French war. In those "good old times" we had a press-gang exercising its *lawful*, but oppressive tyranny, and tearing asunder all the bonds that unite a civilised community. Seamen found guilty of being ashore, were liable to be sent to prison, and fined. The streets were then thronged with *liberty* men, spending, or rather flinging away, their hard-earned pay in the wildest excesses; and, strange to say, they were encouraged in their folly by persons whose duty it was to set them a better example. Every house in many streets was then a grog-shop, and on the Common-hard the Benbow's Head, the Jolly Sailor, the Foul Anchor, and a host of other temptations, were spread out before the unwary tar, to ease him of his gold. Fiddlers, Bet Monsons,



ENTRANCE TO PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

and Jolly Jacks, were either seen or heard scraping and jiggling away in every little nook and corner in that celebrated locality. Jews literally buzzed about in swarms round the open windows of these pestiferous abodes, and, like leeches, sucked all the life-blood out of the poor, ignorant, but brave defenders of our country, who, left to their own inexperience, were in a few days plundered by villanous sharpers of all

the desperate earnings of months, nay years, of toil and exposure in the face of England's deadliest foes.

Now, all this demoralisation, or nearly all, is either changed or undergoing reformation; and we have riding at anchor at Spithead a fleet of the most powerful ships that perhaps ever floated upon the waters of that celebrated roadstead. And to those who remember the terrors of the press-gang, and the diffi-

culties of manning ships during the last war, the present splendid squadron seems to have arisen like an exhalation out of the sea, so accustomed are old hands to associate a well-manned and efficient fleet with that torrid zone of persecution, the press-gang, now for ever passed away.

Yet there rides the British fleet, fully equipped and nearly full manned, ready to do the nation's bidding, whether it be to seal up the Baltic or the Black Sea, and so put a "stopper over all" upon Russia, to use a nautical expression. This, it must be allowed, is a strange but pleasing alteration, which is, however, not more remarkable than the metamorphosis that has come over *Jack* himself. He is an altered, inasmuch as he is a wiser, and, we hope, a better man. He no longer orders a coach for his hat, a second for his stick, and then brings up the rear in a third, into which he has crammed three or four Bet Monsons, and Nancy Dawsons, and himself. He no longer eats five-pound notes between delicate slices of ham sandwiches, nor fries his pinchbeck watch (which he bought of a Jew for gold) in a pound of fresh butter, to grease the main-spring. These reminiscences of the brave but thoughtless *pigtail* breed of sailors are remembered now only as so much *yarn*, and are never practised by the man-of-war's men of the present day. Jack has his Sailors' Home now open ready to receive him, where his money lies safe, and cleanliness and sobriety are the principal conditions of his being allowed to continue an inmate. Circumstances have altered the Jolly Jack of the old school; for the present man-of-war's man has been known to calculate his expenses—an effort that the tars under Howe and Nelson were incapable of sustaining. These things, however, have passed away; and our maritime population has become one of the best organised and the most orderly in the kingdom.

A few words here about our steam-navy, which antiquated pig-tailed Jack holds in such utter contempt. Before this powerful element was introduced into our ships of war, it had been slowly, silently, but surely, sapping and undermining all, or nearly all the old available resources for manning the Navy. It had destroyed those admirable vessels known as the Scotch smacks, manned as they were, each with twenty or thirty prime hardy seamen—men who had been accustomed to the very worst kind of weather, and the very worst description of sea on the coast of Britain; consequently the men bred in such a school, and inured to such a sea, made the best of sailors. The same may be said of the sailing packets from

Liverpool, Bristol, Greenock, and Glasgow, to the various ports of Ireland and the English coast; also from Hull, Sunderland, Ipswich, and other ports, to London. And lastly, the sailing packets from Dover, Southampton, Plymouth, Falmouth, and other southern ports, to France, were all annihilated, and their crews disbanded, by the irresistible power of this new element—STEAM. These observations are not dictated by any feeling of dislike for steam, as employed in the Navy, in which it has unquestionably introduced vast changes for the better; but there can be no doubt that the great changes thus introduced into the Service have wholly altered the character of the British sailor—perhaps not for the worse; and it is to be hoped that some show of liberality to Jack will lead to increased facilities for procuring A.B. seamen for our men-of-war.

Every visitor to Portsmouth is taken off to visit the *Victory*—now the flag-ship—better known as the vessel in which our immortal naval hero, Nelson, fought and died at Trafalgar. Those, however, who fancy that the present 120-gun ship is materially the same as that which bore the hero's remains to England, are mightily mistaken; for we doubt whether there be a plank, spar, or rope now in her which was at Trafalgar. The spot where the great admiral fell is marked by an inscribed brass plate, and the cockpit below the water-mark, where he died, is also shown.

Far, far more interesting in our opinion is the visit to the fine yacht-ship belonging to our beloved Queen Victoria—the *Victoria and Albert*—a vessel which we have had the honour of inspecting, and which, for HER internal appointments, if not her rate of speed, well deserves all the praise that has been bestowed on her. She is a pet ship in the navy; and all her men, from commander downwards, to the lowest seaman in the ship, are picked men—all of them remarkable for their good sense and honourable conduct; and, we may add, that her Majesty and the Prince Consort treat them with a condescending familiarity that Jack never met with in the old days of Howe and Nelson. The ship is a picture in herself; has a flat fore-and-aft deck, with the exception of a splendid roundhouse of glass made on the deck for the accommodation of her Majesty:—she is rated at 540 tons, and has an upper deck 460 feet in length, with a beam of 48 feet, and her engines are reckoned at 560-horse power; but we have been told that her speed is by no means equal to that of many other steam-vessels in the British navy. First, of her deck: it is beautiful; not like other vessels, merely holy-stoned, but prettily painted, in imitation of

variegated tessellated pavement. Then, again, going below, we have a fine treat in going over the cabins—the dining and drawing-rooms of the Queen—rooms in which elegance and plainness are most happily commingled; no gaudiness, no vulgar splendour, but everything good, valuable, beautiful—worthy, in fact, of the high, exalted taste that characterises our beloved Queen and her illustrious and equally beloved consort, Prince Albert, whose praises are very deservedly *in ore omni populo*. The dining-room is in maple with gold, the chairs and couches in green morocco; and the *tout-ensemble* has an air of comfort combined with aristocratic luxury that fairly sets one a-thinking of the happiness of the highest class, and how easily the noblest of our people can be contented with the simplicity of English life. The drawing-room is equally beautiful—of course more ornamental, but still in the same style of simple ornamentation—with pictorial embellishments on the panels, and other most tasteful exhibitions of high art, which evidently show that they have been suggested by the genius of that great Prince who planned the Great Exhibition of 1851. The bedroom, likewise, is worthy of inspection—a perfect *bijou* of a room, admirable in its appointments, and comfortable too. So are the rooms, &c., reserved for the noble men and noble ladies who necessarily attend on our dear Queen and Prince (of whom England is so justly proud); and as for her tender, the *Fairy*, she is in *her* way a perfect beauty, tight, compact, swift, well appointed, admirably adapted in every respect for the important work on which she is so often engaged, of transporting the Queen and her family to the royal marine residence at Osborne.

We shall only hint to our readers that a row up the harbour will amply repay the time and trouble; for they will there find the remains of some of the noblest ships that ever floated and fought in England's battles.

▲We have not yet crossed the Ferry; but we will now do so, in order to make our readers better acquainted, with a place and neighbourhood, of which they cannot fail to have heard much—*Gosport*, on the opposite side of the harbour, and close against Portsmouth. Unlike “dirty Portsmouth,” it is clean, and without the nasty, *sewer-begotten* smells which characterise that well-known garrison town, is regularly built, and possesses some very good inns. We cannot tarry, however, and shall at once, after just hinting at the Victualling-yard, barracks, and fine new landing-place, made especially for our Queen—God bless her!—proceed to give

some account of *Haslar Hospital*, a noble establishment, founded for the restoration to health of those noble tars who live and work in England's wooden walls—the vessels which maintain our maritime influence through the world. It is a plain, unpretending, though large building, with a number of apartments, most admirably suited for the poor sailors and officers, who are entitled to its hospitality and the advice of the physician and other medical officers of the establishment. It accommodates upwards of 300 patients; and it is in all respects admirably managed, under the superintendence of a most humane and excellent governor, Captain H. Popham, C.B. A short trip to *Alverstoke* and *Anglesea*—a small watering-place on this (the west) side of the harbour—completes our description of Portsmouth; and having no room here to give any description of the view from *Portsmouth-hill* above Portsmouth, we just remark that the sight is splendid, presenting a noble view of the entire harbour, the several towns at its mouth, and the Isle of Wight beyond, which we are about to describe in a separate chapter, concluding this part of our task with a brief description of the east side of the harbour, where is to be seen Southsea, a cross between a watering-town and a fortified place. There is a castle here, which gives the name to this corner of the island of Portsea. Although during the early part of the reign of the first Charles this building was permitted to fall into something approaching to decay, and further suffered by an explosion about the middle of the last century, it has, from the time of its erection in the reign of Henry VIII., been considered a place of considerable importance, and, like other fortresses, is possessed of proof-bomb batteries, mont glacis, covered way, &c.

Southsea has some fine rows of good houses, ornamental villas, squares, terraces, assembly-rooms, &c. A beacon light is placed at the north-west corner of the promenade, and opposite is to be seen the floating Bembridge-light.

CHAPTER VI.

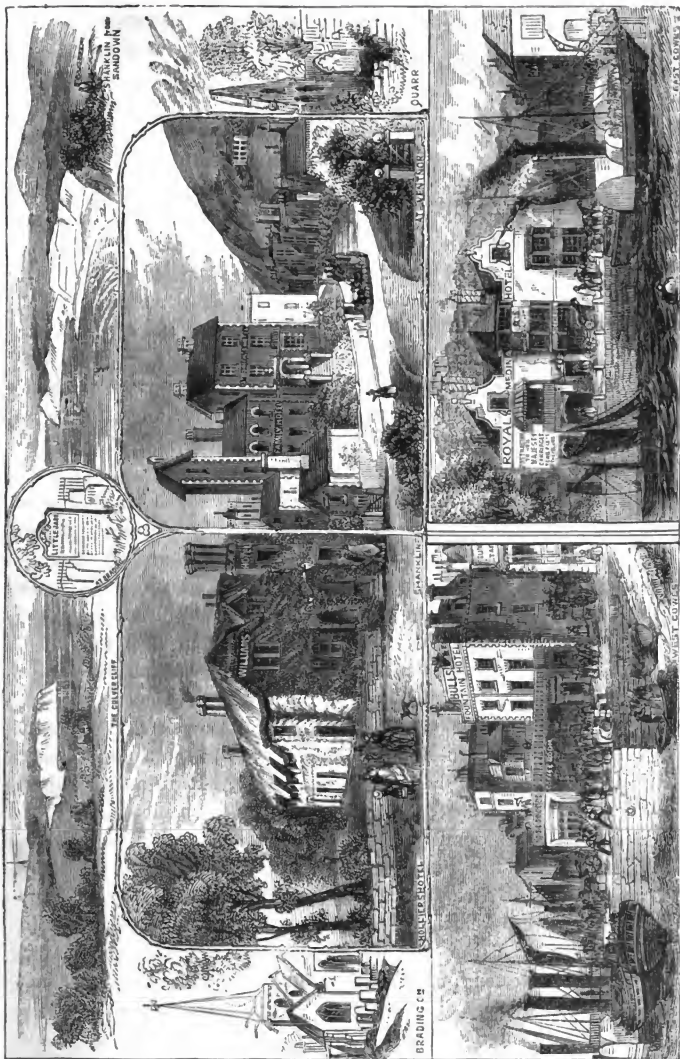
The Isle of Wight—Ryde—Brading—Shanklin—Bonchurch and Ventnor—Niton and Sandrock Hotel—Brixton—Freshwater and the Needles—Yarmouth Newtown—Newport—West Cowes—East Cowes, Osborne, and Whippingham.

THE sun never shone on a lovelier spot than the Isle of Wight; and we, with pleasure, echo the words of a modern poet respecting it:

Of all the isles that Britain boasts,
 However pleasing to the sight,
 Not one can show such splendid coasts—
 Such valleys as the Isle of Wight.
 Such coves, and chines, such glorious downs;
 And Truth, with conscious pride may say,
 Such lovely girls and civil clowns,
 Or aught to vie with Alum Bay.

The beautiful island that we are now to describe is the *Guict* of the ancient Britons—a name which it derived from being divorced or *separated* from the mainland by the gradual formation of the Solent (anciently the Solvent) Sea. It lies opposite to Southampton and Portsmouth, in Hampshire, of which county, in fact, it forms an important part. It has a four-sided outline, with its angles facing the cardinal points, but is acutely prolonged towards the west, and all round gently curved and indented in its general coast-line—its greatest length, from the Needles to Bembridge Cliffs, being about 22 miles, and its superficial extent about 200 square miles (or 125,000 acres). As regards its general surface, it rises very considerably above the sea-level, and in its most elevated part—Mottiston Down—it is 700 feet above the sea. It has two rivers—the *Brading* and the *Medina*; the latter of which rises on the northern slope of St. Catherine's Hill, not far from the pretty retired village of Niton, and runs northward past Newport to Cowes, which it divides into two sections, called respectively *East* and *West Cowes*.

The interior of the island, when seen from the 'vantage-ground of some of its higher points, as Arreton; Brading, or Gatcombe Downs, presents to the eye a most lovely picture of delicious, cultivated nature; and perhaps few countries can boast of such rich crops, whether in grain or fruit—the prevailing soil being a strong loamy earth of fine productive



VIEWS AT SHANKLIN, VENTNOR, EAST AND WEST COWES, &c.

capacities. The higher parts, however, are composed of calcareous matter, resting on a stratum of argillaceous schist, which forms in fact the substratum of the whole island; and they are chiefly appropriated to sheep-walks. The climate, too, which is extremely healthy, and favourable to vegetation, is so mild that even the myrtle of the south flourishes here as on its native soil; and the general luxuriance of the vegetation here is very strongly marked by the great number and beauty of its natural plants and flowers. With respect to the sanitary qualifications of the island, we shall content ourselves with quoting the *ipsissima verba* of Sir James Clark, the Queen's principal physician, in his excellent work on "Climate:"—"From the variety which it presents in point of elevation, soil, and aspect, and from the configuration of its hills and shores, it possesses several peculiarities of climate and position that render it a highly favourable residence for invalids throughout the year. The part most recommended for these purposes is that denominated the *Undercliff*, which comprises a tract of country extending from Dunnose to St. Catherine's Hill, on the south-east coast, about six miles in length, and from a quarter to half a mile in breadth. This singular district consists of a series of terraces formed by the upper strata—chalk and green sand—which have slipped down from the cliffs and hills above, and been deposited in irregular masses upon a substratum of blue marl. The whole presents ever-varying scenery of the greatest beauty, and is invariably dry, and free from moist or impure exhalations, being protected from the north, north-east, and west winds, by a range of lofty downs of chalk and sandstone, which rise boldly from the upper termination of these terraces, in elevations varying from 400 to 700 feet, leaving the Undercliff open only in a direct line to the south-east, and obliquely to the east and south-west winds, which rarely blow here with great force. It is not, however, equally protected throughout; for the eastern part, comprising the country from Bonchurch to the rural village of St. Lawrence (a distance of nearly three miles), has in this respect the advantage over the south-western part, which is more open to the south-westerly winds; but even here there are several very well-sheltered spots, nor does the temperature differ materially from that of the eastern division. In fact, the whole tract is singularly well protected from the cold; and it would be difficult to find, in any northern country, a district of equal extent and variety of surface,—and, it may be added, of equal beauty in point of scenery, so completely

screened from the cutting north-east winds of the spring on the one hand, —and from the boisterous southerly gales of the autumn and winter on the other. The termination of the Undercliff, seaward, is in a range of perpendicular cliffs, ranging from forty to seventy feet in height, thus rendering it far from being a close or confined situation, while at the same time it is fully sheltered from the bleak, cold, north winds."

Having thus far generally described the Isle of Wight, we shall now proceed to particularise a few of the localities, which, from their beauty or associations, most attract the notice of travellers.

On the northern shore of the Isle of Wight, about five miles from Portsmouth, across the water, stands the town of RYDE, which has gradually increased in public estimation until it has become one of the principal ornaments of this beautiful island, diffusing an interest on the diversified country around, and displaying "a scene where all is bloom and fragrance." So great, however, have been its recent changes, that the present flourishing town can scarcely be compared to the humble rural village of some thirty years since—then divided into two distinct portions, *upper* and *lower Ryde*; the latter "a straggling place, mostly inhabited by fishermen and coasting seamen."

About the antiquity of Ryde little can be advanced, the chronicles merely revealing the fact that at some remote period it was called "La Rye;" but it seems probable, that during one of the predatory incursions of the French, with which this coast was afflicted during the reigns of our Edwards and Henrys, it shared the fate of most places similarly exposed.

The present town of Ryde may be considered as still in its youthful prime; nevertheless, a place of some importance, not so much on account of its population (7140 at the last census) as from a combination of advantages—its proximity to the mother country, the salubrity of its air, the excellent accommodation provided for the summer influx, the attractive promenade—the pier; and lastly, though far from least, the recently established *Royal Victoria Yacht Club*.

The erection of the first portion of the pier, under the authority of an Act of Parliament, obtained in 1814, must be ascribed to the impetus which urged those beauties that rise on beauty to the notice of the public. Previous to this (the first era in the advancement of Ryde), except at or near high water, the village was totally inaccessible, as the tide, on its

recession, left a vast expanse of mud, so soft as to be unable to withstand the slightest pressure; but recently this bed of mud has become covered by a layer of fine sand, sufficiently hard to bear the heaviest weight; a singular change, and one that Dr. Mantell observes is difficult to explain; "but an example," he says, "of an alternation of deposits from the action of the sea, in circumstances apparently unchanged." Many, however, have been the additions and alterations which the pier has undergone since the first design was carried into effect; and forming, as it does, the lungs of Ryde, it should be no matter for surprise that every endeavour has been made to adapt the successive requirements of the increasing town to the most recent developments in the art of constructing such erections. Its length is now nearly 800 yards, or more than the third of a mile, having an enlarged stage at the extreme end, ostensibly for the convenience of the numerous steam-packets that take Ryde in the routine of their daily engagements, but, in reality, forming a promenade, which, for variety of scenery and interest—both local and historical—may reasonably be considered as without a parallel. It commands a most extensive land and sea-view, including Selsea Bill, Hayling Island, Southsea Castle, Haslar Hospital, Portsmouth, and its forest of masts, the anchorage and fleet at Spithead, Stoke's Bay, and Anglesea, with more distant views of Southampton Water and Calshot Castle on the north-west, Cowes, Norris Castle and Osborne to the south-west, and Chichester Cathedral to the north-west. To those who are fond of lively scenes—those who would commune with nature and her works—or those, who seek nature's restorative—health—there is amusement or instruction here for all;—for whether they look on the wide sea rolling round them, or hushed in repose, studded with white sails and glittering pennons—an endless variety of the witnesses of our country's wealth and grandeur; some bearing the produce of England's manufacturing ingenuity to distant lands—others, the thunder that has exalted our name, and preserved our national glory;—or turn they to the prospect of nature around, many are the objects—hallowed, too, the associations and wild stories that can discourse with them of nature and its perfect works, and the imperfect attempts of man in imitation thereof.

As for the town of Ryde, it stands on a slope facing the north, and consists of a principal street running up the hill, and containing some of the leading inns and shops, with several others, comprising boarding and lodging-

houses for the visitors. The chief public buildings are—the Town-hall in Lind-street (used also as a public ball-room), the two churches of St. Thomas and Trinity, both modern structures; and the Episcopal Chapel of St. James's. There are places of worship, also, for Roman Catholics, Wesleyan Methodists, Independents, and Baptists, with attached Sunday-schools. The other leading establishments are—the Isle of Wight Infirmary, Dispensary, Literary Institution, Masonic-lodge, and national schools; besides which, Ryde has a theatre, two banks, and two bath-establishments.



LANDING-PLACE, AND HIGH-STREET, RYDE.

We must not forget to mention that Ryde has several hotels—the best of which are *Yelf's*, a good, but, withal, old-fashioned establishment in Union-street, recently enlarged and redeccorated, a step that became necessary in consequence of rapidly increasing business: this excellent house is admirably suited to families and commercial men—[and reader, a word in your ear, *commercial* houses are always suitable for families]—and the *Pier Hotel*, conducted by Mr. Rendel, which is a most cheerful and beautiful residence, commanding fine views both by land and sea, and which

is remarkably well appointed under a most gentlemanly landlord, whose charges are extremely moderate. The accommodation and attendance is in all respects first-rate.

We shall now, before we make our great tour of this lovely island, make a short excursion to *Binstead* and *Quarr Abbey*, close to the mouth of the Wootton river. The little church at Binstead, originally a quaint building in the early English style, is remarkably well worth a visit on account of its fine old carvings ; besides which, the whole country has an exquisite air of rustic beauty and retirement. A short mile beyond, again, continuing our walks through a pleasant footpath, we arrive at the remains of Quarr Abbey, said to have been founded in 1132 by Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon. It was one of the earliest Cistercian monasteries in this country, and its buildings and gardens once covered an extent of thirty acres. At the Dissolution it was purchased by one Mills, a merchant of Southampton, who, Vandal-like, pulled down the building for the sake of its materials. The style is early English, mixed with perpendicular work; and the refectory may still be clearly traced.

Proceeding on our tour—and in a carriage is the best way of making it—we proceed eastward, past *St. John's*, the property of Sir R. Simeon, Bart., through Appley, St. Clair, and Puckpool, Fairy Hill, and the village of Sea View, and, about four miles from Ryde, arrive at the village of St. Helen's, which gives its name to the opposite anchoring-ground, and itself lies close over against Bembridge Point and the fine commanding heights of Bembridge Downs, under which, eastward, at the Culver cliffs, is excellent sport with every description of sea-birds. Close to us is the creek called *Brading Haven* ; and at its upper end is the picturesque town of *Brading*, once a considerable place, but now remarkable only for its pretty rural cottages snugly nestling by the side of the venerable church—one of the oldest in the island, and for the most part of pure Norman or early English architecture. It contains some good monuments, and in the churchyard are two epitaphs in particular, which have gained a world-wide celebrity—one on Mrs. Mary Berry, which furnished the theme for Dr. Calcott's celebrated prize-glee, beginning with

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear ;

the other, informing the sauntering visitor, that

Jane the young cottager lies buried here,

an humble young Christian, whose history is most affectingly told by the

Rev. Legh Richmond in his admirable "Annals of the Poor." This excellent man was for some years the minister of Brading, and during that time produced those beautiful historical tracts that have so widely circulated his name and piety. How sadly are similar writers required now.

The next point of interest is *Yaverland*, a village reached after crossing the small river Yar, noted for its fine trout, roach, carp, dace, and eels. The church is a small, but very curious edifice, having a splendid Norman doorway, and a handsome Norman arch inside the church, which has a beautiful appearance, from being encircled with a belt of venerable elms. Close to it is the manor-house, built in the reigns of the Stuarts, now used as a farm-house. The road here approaches the shore; and about two miles from Brading we reach *Sandown Castle*, a regular quadrangular fortress, flanked with a bastion at each angle, and surrounded by a wet foss. Hence to *Shanklin* is a walk along the cliff of nearly three miles, the village of *Lake* being a sort of half-way house between the two. The approach to Shanklin is as beautiful as it is singular—being seated in a narrow vale or gully hanging towards, though at a great height above, its level, and, like most other beautiful places in the Isle of Wight, rapidly advancing in size and importance. The village boasts of a good parish church and handsome parsonage, the residence of Archdeacon Hill, with an excellent, well-conducted hotel, formerly kept by Mrs. Williams, now by Mr. Hollier; and we very much question whether our readers ever beheld a prettier and more rustic dwelling. See its embowered porch, and its walls covered with vines, rose-trees, and creeping plants. Its lawn and terraced walks command a noble sea-view; and the internal arrangements are so excellent—at prices, too, almost less than could be expected even in these days of economy—that we very strongly recommend those of our readers, who have leisure, to take up their abode in this pleasant hostelrie, feeling sure they will thank us for our advice.

A few words now about the *Chine*—the leading curiosity of the place, which runs in a serpentine direction from the village to the shore, and is one of those fissures common at the back or south side of the island, gradually widening and deepening as it reaches the verge of the ocean, where it is about 180 feet wide and 270 feet high. Its sides are thickly clothed with foliage, and a cascade or rill runs down from a height at the inland termination of the fissure, thus greatly adding to the natural effect by its striking contrast with the shining green lichens and mosses with

which the brow of the precipice on either side is overhung. From this point travellers on foot may pursue several paths—either through the churchyard, and up the hill, and thence over *Boniface Down* to *Ventnor*, or by the village of Wroxall and past *Appuldurcombe*,* the splendid park of the Earl of Yarborough—a longer road to *Ventnor*, or by a yet wilder and more rural way to Bonchurch and *Ventnor*, coastwise, *viâ Luccombe* and *East-end*. At the first of these places is another chasm or *chine*, as it is called, which does not run so far inland as that at Shanklin, but, nevertheless, presents in other respects scenery very superior to that furnished by its more celebrated neighbour—its depth at the mouth being more considerable, the foliage of a more prominent character, and the sea-level of the rocky substratum of a wilder and more striking formation. Neither can we quit this neighbourhood without noticing the beautiful and hospitable retreat, the *Boniface Hotel*, conducted by Mr. Drew, formerly of Cowes, which commands from its noble coffee-room a splendid view of Bonchurch, the Undercliff, and the sea beyond, and the accommodations of which are equal to those of the best establishments on the coast of Sussex. It may be well, also, to state that eight coaches run daily between Ryde, Newport, and this house; thus enabling travellers, at very short notice, to reach any of the trains either from Portsmouth or Southampton. The house was built by Pugin, the celebrated church architect.

We now arrive at the far-famed UNDERCLIFF;—and here we enter on scenery still more rude and majestic,—although what is termed modern improvement has in many places all but destroyed the natural beauty and wild grandeur that was our highest admiration twenty years ago. This tract is what may be termed an extended inland natural wall (nearly resembling an ancient fortification), that has been formed by a succession of landslips or convulsions at various intervals from before the historic era till nearly the present time; beneath which are fields of every size, and rocky fragments of all shapes, intermixed with cottages and winding

* Appuldurcombe was formerly a priory, subordinate to that of Montsberg, in Normandy, and by the same founder, Richard de Redvers, a relative of him who founded Quarr Abbey, already mentioned. The present mansion was erected towards the close of the last century, on the foundations of a house built in the reign of Elizabeth; and the estate descended to Lord Yarborough, in consequence of his father's marriage with the niece and heiress of Sir Richard Worsley, Bart. The mansion is of the Corinthian order; and the park, grounds, &c., laid out by Capability Brown, have a naked look, but are well stocked with deer, and command fine views of the interior of the island.

lawns, deep dells, and sudden elevations—while many fathoms below, a shelving rocky shore again limits the broad blue deep, with many grotesque and confused heaps of natural ruin scattered at its verge. The miniature valley of Bonchurch, moreover, of which the stout walker may obtain a splendid view from the Pulpit Rock above, brings us, amid this profusion of the beautiful and sublime, to VENTNOR, which, placed as it is amid the glories of the Undercliff, has become within a few years, owing to the recommendation of it to consumptive patients by Sir James Clark and others, a very considerable place, having nearly 3000 fixed inhabitants (with an addition of at least 1500 visitors during summer), several handsome streets lined with lodging-houses, and many shops that may almost vie with those of Bognor and Worthing. These changes, however, are but little to our taste; and, without admiring the taste of the lines, we will endorse the sentiment of the island's *poetaster* :

Ventnor, with what propriety can Taste
Extol thy features? Thou art so defiled
With Cockney villas, dandies, smirking belles—
Proud *parvenus*—insipid, gawky apes—
Poor puny invalids, and pension'd drones—
So much disfigured with thine own vile chalk
And Fashion's still more chalky-vision'd crew,
That when I saunter through thy dusty lanes,
Or take my way along the public road,
My spirit flags, my sicken'd soul recoils,
Till e'en thy brow, St. Boniface [not the Hotel], assumes
A cold, forbidding air!

The church is a handsome, pleasantly situated building, erected in 1838, by J. Hamborough, Esq., of *Steephill Castle*, a castellated imitation-*château* (erected on the site of a far less pretentious building, the residence of the Earl of Dysart), which not only commands, from its elevation, extensive land and sea-views, but

Rearing its proud tow'rs
In all the massive, architect'ral pomp
Of gone-by centuries, captivates the sight:—
Yes;—here, methinks, the unaspiring mind
Might find repose, and let the world's gay scenes
Vanish away on Lethe's misty stream,
Like the frail visions of a restless sleep.

Another important place is *Bonchurch*, with its quaint-looking, tumble-down old church, placed in a narrow valley or gully, formed by an immenses mass of fallen cliff, and amply watered by numerous springs, which unite at its foot in an extensive sheet of water, picturesquely fringed, as it were,

with luxuriant elms, imparts to this tract a delicious air of seclusion and retirement, that must be seen to be conceived.

There is also a pretty new church, which, with a school-house, was built by the late Rev. W. Adams, author of that well-known, as well as much-prized work, "The Shadow of the Cross," formerly vicar of St. Peter's-in-the-East, at Oxford, and who died in January, 1848, at the early age of thirty-three, deeply lamented by all his friends and parishioners. The pedestrian, too, may here be informed that a footpath leads from the old Norman church, or oratory, of Bonchurch, to the site of the landslip in 1810, which for about half a mile threads a quick succession of most majestic scenery, with a cliff towering to a great height above, and vast masses of rock strewn everywhere around in wild confusion—some bare themselves, but buried, as it were, in the underwood around them, others beautifully mantled with ivy and pretty flowering creepers; while here and there, through the openings of the bramble and woodbine, a fine view may be gained of the blue sea below, and the many vessels that pass up and down the Channel.

A mile further brings us to the thickly-embowered village of *St. Lawrence*, and its diminutive church—said to be the smallest in England—a little below which, again, in a romantic dell, are the ruins of a small chapel built in the latter part of the fourteenth century. From this point, too, a little beyond the church, a road diverges northward through *Whitwell* to *Godskill*, *Appuldurcombe*, &c. Again, as we proceed along the main road, we find the scenery becoming wilder, the cliff more lofty, the slopes from its base down to the shore strewn with numberless masses of fallen rock—so thickly, indeed, as scarcely to allow a place for vegetation, or aught else calculated to soften the ruggedness of their aspect. Man, however, has even here contrived to bring his craft to oppose the wildness of nature—as, for instance, in the construction of *Old Park*, *Mirables Orchard Park*, and several other picturesque and imposing mansions, the proprietors having, seemingly, spared no expense in fitting up a residence sufficiently important to do credit to the beautiful scenery; and at no great distance is a descent to the shore at *Puckaster Cove*, by a sort of natural staircase called *Cripple Path*, effected by separating the softer strata from the harder ledges of stone. Another road winds through a sort of ravine to *Nilton*, a pleasant little village below St. Catherine's Hill, having a quaint old church, close to

Buddle and *Rocken-end*, the extreme southern point of the island—a spot where, beyond any other place, the ground lies in wild disorder, “in folds and billows,” as Mr. Holloway well describes it (and here we beg to refer our readers to the guide-books of the island issued by this gentleman), “like the billows of an agitated ocean,” but presenting, at the same time, a splendid view of the coast right away to Freshwater, Scratchell’s Bay, and the Needles.

We shall now return to Niton, and thence ascend St. Catherine’s Hill, where may still be seen the shell of an intended lighthouse never completed, together with an ancient hermitage and pharos, founded in 1323, and dedicated to St. Catherine. It need scarcely be observed, that the prospect from the summit of this hill is of vast extent, including a panorama of nearly the whole island, and of great variety, comprising wild and romantic, as well as soft, cultivated scenery.

We are now to describe one of the leading lions of the Isle of Wight, a feature which never fails to excite the tourist’s awe and admiration—namely, *Blackgang Chine*, a chasm quite different in character from those of Luccombe and Shanklin, owing to the total absence of vegetation here, and its closer proximity to the shore; besides which, it is considerably more imposing in height, one side of it rising upwards of 400 feet from the beach, “assuming the appearance of vast courses of masonry in a state of decay.” This chasm, moreover, does not, like the others, descend gradually to the sea, but is bound at a height of eighty feet above it by a hard bed of ironstone, which, not being capable of detrition by the water, forms a kind of basin for the water which drains from above, and, when full, precipitates it over its edge in a cascade to the shore. The best time for seeing it is after a few days’ rain, and with a south-west wind blowing pretty hard—when the view from the shore is positively magnificent.

We must, however, hasten our steps towards Freshwater and the Needles; nor on our way thither have we any space left for more than a passing mention of *Chale* and its lorn sea-side church and weather-beaten tower—of straggling *Kingston* and its elm-embowered church on a height—of pretty *Shorwell* and the adjacent grounds of Northcourt House, a building of the time of James I.—of *Brixton* and its lower-towered church, with a wooden spire—and of *Mottistone*, two miles further, pleasantly situated on the slope of the Downs, so called, and remarkable as once having been the manor of the Chekes, among whom was “the learned” Sir John Cheke, who was tutor to Edward VI., and in whose honour it was



FRESHWATER-GATE—BLACKGANG—HIGH-STREET, NEWPORT.

said that he "first taught Oxford learning, and King Edward Greek." A mile onward, again, brings us to *Brook*, remarkable not only for its picturesque church and chine, but for its curious saurian and other curious antediluvian fossil remains, including those of a fine forest once buried here; and after taking the near-shore road by Compton Bay up to *Afton-down* (which commands a magnificent view, not only of the shore and sea to the south, but of Christchurch and Lymington in Hampshire, the Solent, and, on a clear day, the Isle of Portland), we arrive, after a walk or drive of somewhat more than fifteen miles, at the village of *Freshwater*, or *Freshwater-gate*, close to the commencement of that noble range of chalk-rocks, which forms a fringe of tremendous precipices from four to six hundred feet in height, that extend from this point to Scratchell's Bay and the Needles. There is a capital hotel here, kept by Mr. Plumbley—admirably appointed, good bedrooms, convenient sitting-rooms, with fair prices and an obliging host; forming, too, a capital stopping-place for tourists—the more especially as the best time for viewing Scratchell's Bay, the Needles, and Alum Bay, is in the morning, when the vast number of eider-ducks, coots, and other sea-fowl that nestle in the crannies of the rocks, are to be seen, myriads on myriads, disporting themselves above, or on the briny waves that lash these bold shores. Before we embark, however, on our little voyage from Freshwater-gate, by the Needles, to Yarmouth, we must just notice, as a jaunt of some interest, the ascent from Freshwater to the *Needles' Lighthouse*—a sharp walk i' faith, and requiring some exertion, but amply rewarded by the magnificent view, both of land and sea, that is gained from its extremity. In winter, however, we suspect either a journey to, or a residence in, the lighthouse to be anything but agreeable, and far from safe, owing to the power of the wind on the loose flints and stones on the surface. The light proceeds from ten powerful Argand-burners, backed by beautifully bright concave reflectors, which many-fold increase the brilliancy and penetrating power of the lights. The adventurer hither may chance, also, to see some of the young men and boys who—like the Samphire-gatherers at Dover-cliffs, in Willy Shakspeare's time—"mid-air pursue their fearful calling," suspended by ropes—though here in search for sea-birds' eggs, to gratify the curiosity or lighten the pockets of visitors.

Leaving more timid excursionists to take the road from Freshwater past *Afton Manor-house* and through the quaint village of *Thorley* to *Yar-*

mouth (a three miles' ride), we will take a short sail round the Needles, by Alum Bay and past Hurst Castle, to the same destination (a distance of about twelve miles). Almost immediately on leaving the shore, near where the chalk strata dip at Compton Bay, we see *Freshwater Cave*, with its rude, but picturesquely arched entrance ;—and then we approach a much higher range of cliffs—called *High Down*—which at its greatest elevation is upwards of 600 feet high,—under which may be seen two curious caverns, called *Lord Holmes' Parlour* and *Kitchen*. Then, about a mile and a half further, our notice is directed by the boatmen to a singular-looking mass of fallen cliff, called the *Wedge Rock* and *Old Pepper* ; and soon afterwards, nearing the shore, we come to that portion of the precipitous cliff which is termed *Main-bench*, close to which we land for a few minutes, beneath the magnificent arch of *Scratchell's Bay*, which is about 300 feet high, and forms an alcove about 150 feet deep, produced by the destruction of the lower chalk strata,—the cliffs here being of dazzling whiteness and elegant form, while the magnitude and singularity of the spiry insulated masses down on the beach, and the screaming of the myriads of sea-birds, which flock round in all directions, combine to form a scene at once pleasing, romantic, and singular.

And now behold us—after backing and filling, and divers boating expedients to get our trim-built vessel in a fit position to accomplish the object of our voyage—behold us at *the Needles*, of world-wide celebrity—certain insulated masses of chalk, evidently at no very remote period united to the cliff on which the lighthouse stands :—and the process of disruption is still going on, so that, doubtless, in the course of time, these rocks, now only three in number, and none of them at present at all resembling a needle, will wholly disappear, and be succeeded by others detached from the present boundary of the mainland. After a few ups and downs, and not a little qualmishness among the company on board, we get ashore at *Alum Bay*, on the north side of the island,—a locality which may be briefly described as “a vast wall of chalk of sublime uniformity, upwards of 400 feet in height, and extending for about a quarter of a mile eastward from the Needles, succeeded by an extensive tract, where all is wild ruin, but of a description so peculiar and a colouring so vivid, that Nature seems here to have sported in very wantonness with her creative powers. As seen from a little distance, the strata here appears in a directly perpendicular position, arranged for the extent

of about half a mile, as an immense series of points, with concave sides, but bare, rugged, and continually mouldering; coloured, moreover, with tints of the most striking variety, bright yellow, blue, purplish red, grey, and dense black—the blue and red, with the thick bed of black, being in strongly defined contrast with the ochreous yellow and white stripes with which they are interspersed. Indeed, a lover of nature, at all acquainted with geology, might profitably spend here at least a week, with Dr. Mantell's "Excursion" as his guide and lesson-book. The rest of the voyage—across *Totland Bay* and *Colwell Bay*, remarkable for its cliffs alternating with marine and freshwater formations—is utterly uninteresting, except for an object which we pass, not actually in the island; we mean *Hurst Castle*, erected by Henry VIII., and celebrated as a prison of Charles I. after his removal from Carisbrooke. It is singularly situated at the extremity of a long bank of shingles, extending in a curve nearly two miles from the coast of Hampshire; in fact, it projects from the edge of a submarine cliff 200 feet from its base, and nearly perpendicular, the channel here being not less than thirty fathoms deep; nor is there any reason to doubt, says Dr. Mantell, that the space now occupied by the water is a great chasm formed—geologically speaking—on the subsidence of the adjacent chalk-hills. Another half hour brings us to shore at Yarmouth, on the right bank, and at the mouth of the small river Yar, which rises near Freshwater-gate, and nearly divides the extreme western part from the rest of the island.

Yarmouth (anciently called *Eremuth*) was the earliest enfranchised town in the island, its first charter having been granted in the reign of Henry III.; and its parliamentary franchise dates from the 23rd Edward I., but it was disfranchised by the Reform Act. The town is mean and uninteresting; nor is the accommodation at the best inns at all to be compared to that given in the hotels of more favoured localities. The church, lately restored, possesses few features of much interest, except a monument of Sir Robert Holmes (ob. 1692), who entertained Charles II. at his mansion here. We shall now proceed onward by Calborne and Carisbrooke to Newport; and we shall take the route by way of *Shalfleet*, which calls for little remark, except on account of its quaint old Norman church, with its massive low tower and ornamental north door. A mile and a half north-east is the disfranchised borough of *Newtown*—now a mere village with only ninety people! Our road, however,

passes southward, about two miles, to the pretty, rural village of *Calbourne*, which boasts of a very interesting church in the early English style, and in exquisite preservation, comprising also some good brasses, &c. Rather more than a mile onward is *Swainston*, where may be seen some remains of an ancient manor-house of the Bishops of Winchester; and we may remark that from this point the road increases in pictorial interest, presenting fine and rather extensive views all the way (upwards of two miles) to the historically celebrated village of *Carisbrooke*.

The village of *Carisbrooke*, once a place of greater size and importance than Newport, bears but few marks of its former consequence; but there are some small remains of a priory, founded at the close of the eleventh century; and the *Church*, though only a fragment of a larger building, being now destitute of a chancel, is an imposing structure in the early English style, with a fine perpendicular tower—one of the most elegant in the island. The great glory of the place, however, is its massive feudal *Castle*, which is perched in a commanding position on a steep, projecting knoll of the adjacent range of chalk-hills. That there was a castle here from remote antiquity admits not the shadow of a doubt; but the present edifice belongs to a comparatively late date, having been first planned by William Fitzosborne in the eleventh century, and afterwards reconstructed by Lord Woodville, its governor, in the reign of Edward IV. From the Conquest down to the seizure of the island by Edward I. this castle was the seat of the insular feudal government; and many of its “barons bold” maintained great state and dignity; all tenants throughout the island holding as of the Castle of Carisbrooke, and being bound to defend it, when attacked, during forty days at their own charges. The principal event, however, historically connected with this castle belongs to the time of the parliamentary war, when, in the year 1647, the unhappy Charles I. was confined here under the charge of Colonel Hammond (the nephew of the celebrated theologian Dr. Hammond, who was the king’s chaplain). The approach to the castle is highly picturesque, the ground on which it stands being finely broken and well covered with verdure; and the extensive outworks faced with stone, as well as the outer gateway, were constructed on the principles of fortification then in vogue by order of Queen Elizabeth, whose initials are still perceptible on the latter. The entrance is by a bridge on the west side, after crossing which, and another besides, we arrive at a massive machicolated gateway with a portcullis, flanked by

two round towers, leading into the court-yard ; on the right side of which is the *Chapel of St. Nicholas*, a modern re-erection ; while on the left are the ruins of the suite of apartments in which the misguided Charles was confined, and from which he made a vain attempt to escape ; and in front the governor's apartments—an elevation of incongruous appearance and variety of periods from the reign of Henry II. to that of George I., but chiefly built by Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV. This portion evidently once extended southward almost as far as the chapel, leaving only a narrow passage to the inner court, which contained the barracks, magazine, well, &c. *The well*, by the way, is one of the *lions* of the castle—hewn through the solid rock, fully 300 feet deep, and 210 feet to the surface of the water, which is drawn up through the medium of an enormous tread-wheel, worked by a longeval donkey. *The Keep*, which is reached by a flight of seventy-two steps, stands on an artificial mound at the north-eastern limit of the inner castle-walls, and is polygonal in shape, being about sixty feet broad, and in the architectural style of Henry I., with a more modern outer door and portcullis ; besides which it has a well originally of great depth, but now choked up and disused. At the south-eastern angle, again, are the remains of what is called *Mountjoy's Tower*, the walls of which were in some places eighteen feet thick ; and from the ramparts, which rise nearly 300 feet above the valley at the castle's foot, many highly picturesque views may be obtained, not only of the adjacent village, but of all the surrounding country. The outer works of the castle, which are in the form of an irregular pentagon, cover an extent of about thirty acres, which contained the ancient tilt-yard ; and the whole is surrounded with a deep ditch, many portions of which, having been planted as shrubberies, add no little to the beauty of this most interesting ruin.

The market-town and capital of the island, which we are now approaching, is—as all the world knows—NEWPORT, situated on the right bank of the Medina river, the only navigable river in the island—a town of considerable antiquity, but with few features remaining of the past. It was incorporated in the reign of James I., but has returned members to Parliament from the 27th Elizabeth to the present time.

It consists of four streets, which run nearly in the direction of the cardinal points, meeting in the market-place, where is the *Bugle Inn*, a homely and old-fashioned, but very well-arranged establishment, conducted by Messrs. Mew and Sons ; and which our readers, if only intend-

ing to stay three or four days in the island, will do well to make their central rendezvous, and diverge thence to the coast; they will find every accommodation, good wines, and capital fare, upon a very economical scale, and all kinds of good conveyances at this hotel—either east, over Arreton, Ashey, and Brading Downs; or southward, either by Godshill and Appuldurcombe to Ventnor; or by Gatcombe, Chillerton, Kingston and Chale, to Blackgang Chine, Niton, and the Undercliff; or, thirdly, by Carisbrooke, Shorwell, and Brixton, to Freshwater and the Needles.

The principal public buildings are the *Town-hall* in High-street, and the *Isle of Wight Institution*, the latter erected from designs by Nash, the favourite architect of George IV. The town has a corporation under a mayor, two other aldermen, and eighteen councillors, with a debt-court under a recorder, sending two members to the House of Commons since the 23rd Edward I. (the present members being W. Biggs and W. N. Massey, Esqrs.); it has little trade or industry beyond that unavoidably entailed on it by the wants of the inhabitants and visitors, and a fair trade in corn, &c. The environs are extensive, and originally consisted of suburban villages, which, as the population increased, have become connected with the town itself,—as *Barton*, on the way to Ryde; *New Village*, towards Carisbrooke; *Hunny Hill*, on the Cowes-road; and *Shide*, towards the south:—and we may mention, in conclusion, that on the road to Ryde there is a manufactory of the fabric called Isle of Wight lace, which employs a considerable number of the poorer female inhabitants. The population of the borough in 1851 amounted to about 8000 persons.

We shall now proceed on to West Cowes;—and in our road we pass, only a mile from Newport, and to the east of *Parkhurst Forest*, the House of Industry, or *Union Workhouse*, for the whole of the island—a large plain building, exceedingly well adapted for the objects proposed, and admirably provided with means for instructing the prisoners either in agriculture or manufactures. Opposite to it, on the same road, are the *Albany Barracks*, which altogether cover nearly 100 acres, including the hospital and cemetery:—troops intended for foreign service are here sent, preparatory to embarkation. Again, nearly adjoining the barracks is the *Parkhurst Juvenile Penitentiary*, an institution of large size, and admirably arranged, with accommodation for about 600 juvenile convicts, who here receive a good religious and general education, together with instruction in useful trades. The results of this system, as practised here, however, are far from

flattering, and give little room for confidence in the reformatory method of prison discipline.

With the exception of Northwood, a little more than two miles from Newport, no further object of interest presents itself until we reach WEST COWES, the great port of the island and the summer rendezvous of the Royal Yacht Squadron, situated on the left or west bank of the Medina river, in lat. 50 deg. 45 min. 10 sec. N., and long. 1 deg. 17 min. W. Its name, *Cowes*, is derived from the two forts erected by Henry VIII. for the purpose of defending the entrance of the Medina, and which are thus described by quaint Leland :

The two great Cows that in loud thunder roar,
This on the eastern, that the western shore,
Where Newport enters stately Wight.

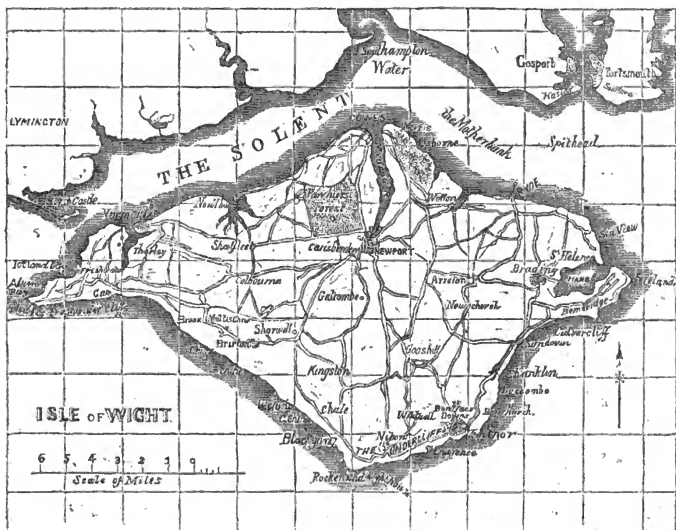
West Cowes has three or four respectable streets, with handsome, well-supplied shops ; but that part which most attracts visitors is *the Parade*, whereon the Yacht Club-House, Castle, Fountain Hotel, and other handsome buildings are erected. The *Castle*, which occupies its extreme western part, now exhibits but little evidence of military strength, being only a moderately sized and comfortable mansion for the governor—now the Marquis of Anglesea,—fronted by a low semicircular saluting battery of eleven guns. About the centre of the Parade, in a commanding position, stands *the Yacht Club-House*, with its signal-posts, covered promenade, and trimly contrived appointments—an establishment admirably well-planned, and combining all the appropriate requirements of a first-rate west-end club with the advantage of a splendid marine position. The Royal Yacht Club enjoys peculiar privileges from the Lords of the Admiralty, and numbers among its members the most distinguished of Britain's nobility and aristocracy. The regatta takes place annually in August; and the programme includes a ball, club-dinner, and an extended list of matches for plates, cups, &c., of considerable value. We must next again mention the *Fountain Hotel*, at the east end of the Parade, and we do so with pleasure from a very agreeable recollection of the urbane reception that we met with from the worthy host, Mr. Bull. His charges are very moderate, and the articles, too, which he supplies, are first-rate, and no mistake. There is a capital coffee-room facing the pier; and as all the steamers from Southampton and Portsmouth stop here, the

quay is always a scene of life and bustle from the numerous arrivals and departures, whether by steam-boat, stage-coaches, or private carriages.

West Cowes has two churches, one a plain, unpretending brick building, the other erected in very good taste in the perpendicular style ; and both are dependent on Northwood as their mother-church. There are also three places of worship for Dissenters, some Sunday schools, a national school, &c., with a banking-establishment and savings bank, besides a well-conducted bath-establishment, library, &c. The only suburban mansions worth notice are *Northwood House*, and *West Hill*; but the neighbourhood abounds with pleasant walks, affording fine views of the Solent and opposite coast. *Debourne-walk* runs westward to Gurnard's Bay, and *Mill-walk* to the south, near the left bank of the Medina, of which it commands a very attractive prospect, to the old church of Northwood, which was originally subservient to that of Carisbrooke ; it is not, however, of much interest, either to the lover of antiquity or church architecture.

We shall now cross the river by the ferry to EAST COWES, the appearance of which has been wonderfully altered and improved within the last ten years, by the construction of her Majesty's landing-pier, and the erection of the new *Medina Hotel and Thames Yacht Club-House*, lately kept by Mr. Drew, now admirably managed by Mr. J. L. Shepherd, late of the Star at Southampton. Few men are better known or more highly esteemed than our worthy host. May he succeed (and he *will*) in getting together as good a connexion as at the Star. Its sitting-rooms command good views of the Solent and opposite bank, nor can the visitor do better than stay here, while exploring the beautiful spots around it. Among other objects, our friends will not fail to visit *East Cowes Castle*, formerly the residence of J. Nash, the celebrated architect, and by no means an unfavourable specimen of his inventive genius. Then, again, there is *Norris Castle*, designed by the late Sir J. Wyattville for the late Lord Henry Seymour, built on the model of a Norman castle, and most imposingly situated. Lastly, we must take a glance (for that is all that we shall be allowed) at *Osborne*, the marine residence of our beloved Queen and the Prince Consort. It is in the Palladian style, and the most elevated portion of the building, which is a sort of campanile commanding splendid land and sea-views, is that apportioned to the immediate use of the royal family. The park

round it may comprise about ninety acres, certainly not more. The parish church of East Cowes is that of *Whippingham*, to which a pleasant path leads through the fields. It is an incongruous, singular-looking structure, with little or no indications of architectural taste, and, indeed, its only interest is derivable from the circumstance of its being regularly attended by the Queen and court when down at Osborne. Having accomplished our tour of this beautiful island, and done what we could to describe its leading features, we shall now return to Ryde; and, in parting with our readers and fellow-tourists, we can only express a hope that they have felt in the perusal one half of the pleasure which it has given the writer to record his observations, which, however, he intends enlarging upon in his forthcoming work upon the South-Western Railway.



MAP OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

A P P E N D I X.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

To those of our friends who are not well acquainted with the pleasures of the metropolis, and require some Guide to those places of amusement that are most worthy of a visit, we address a few remarks on the enjoyments offered at some of its leading places of entertainment.

Of the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN (under the talented management of Mr. Gye), we will, at this season of the year, say nothing; but let us hope that the earnest of anxiety for high-class music, as shown in the production of Spohr's *Jessonda*, in addition to the great *chefs-d'œuvres* of Mozart, Rossini, Auber, and the mighty composers of modern days, represented by all the combined talent of the operatic world, including Mesdames Grisi, Castellan, Medori, Jullienne, Albini, Bosio, &c., Signori Mario, Tamberlik, Ronconi, Belletti, Formes, Zelzer, Tagliafico, and other celebrities—the finest, by far the finest company ever gathered together in one theatre—will be fully realised in the approaching operatic season; and we may hope the more because the old Italian Opera in the Haymarket has ceased to exist.

The HAYMARKET, under the government of Mr. Buckstone, and recently entirely re-decorated, promises to equal at least anything that has been done by former lessees. Of course, as all the world knows, he is a very host in himself; besides which he has collected round him a numerous corps of talented coadjutors, including Messrs. Vandenhoff, Compton, the younger Farren, Barry Sullivan, Tilbury, Chippendale, &c., with the inimitable Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Miss Featherstone, Miss Ormonde, Miss Reynolds, Miss A. Vining, pretty Louisa Howard, Mrs. Caulfield, and Miss Cushman—the Miss Cushman; so being well supported by dramatic talent—if he can only procure a similar amount of ability in his authors—and who knows better how to discern it?—his undertaking must meet with the success his efforts merit. No theatre in London is visited by company so select, or less intruded on by those improper characters too commonly admitted to our metropolitan theatres.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE, under the management of Mr. Charles Kean, the well-known tragedian, scholar, and great reviver of the truly classic drama, is another place of excellent entertainment, which should by all means be visited; he is assisted by an excellent company—including, besides his talented wife and himself, such actors as James Vining, Meadows, Walter Lacy, Graham, Ryder, F. Cooke, Addison, Harley, and others, with Mrs. Phillips, Miss Le Clercq, Miss Heath, and Miss Murrey. His highly classical revival of “Sardanapalus” is, above all others of his efforts, well worthy to be witnessed, and the representation of ancient Assyrian life is highly creditable to the refined taste of the manager. Mr. Simpson’s adaptation of Scribe’s drama of “Marco Spada,” moreover, does great credit to the management, and is in all respects equal—as regards scenic effect—to the “Corsican Brothers,” which proved, and still proves, so decided a hit. No London theatre, in fact, is more admirably managed, or are their appointments of dress, scenery, or decoration, equal to those that are to be found in this elegant temple of Thalia.

THE ADELPHI, so long under the management of Madame Celeste and Mr. Benjamin Webster, the former lessee of the Haymarket, has ever been distinguished for its highly successful representations of broad, funny farces, and stirring, well-presented melodramas; nor does it seem probable that its attractions will be diminished under the new *régime*, for the *Adelphi fare* presented and promised is of a very high character and great gusto, served up, too, by artists of consummate judgment. Webster himself and Madame Celeste would alone ensure success to any series of pieces, but then we have in addition the funny little Keeley and his *naïve* harlequin-talented wife, glorious old Paul Bedford and his nephew Henry, versatile Charles Selby, the gruff O. Smith, Parselle, James Rogers, the talented Leigh Murray, Flexmore the wonderful, Madame Auriol, Fanny Maskell, the charming Mary Keeley, and—though last, not least—clever Miss Woolgar, the life and soul of light comedy. A very interesting drama, from the French, entitled “The Discarded Son,” introduces the company to the audience in a most effective manner; and with a screaming burlesque on “Sardanapalus,” and the good farces called the “Camp at Chobham,” and “Hotel Charges,” are quite sufficient to render this theatre a very popular place of entertainment.

That time-honoured old theatre, SADLER’S WELLS, the scene of poor

Joe Grimaldi's glories, is proceeding from year to year with almost un-deviating success under Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood ; the present season having not long opened with Shakspeare's "Othello," "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the popular comedy of the "Love Chase." As respects the merits and peculiarities of Mr. Phelps's acting, we may just observe, that, without much polish, it has great force, and is not characterised by rant like that of Gustavus Brooke, the nine-days' wonder of Old Drury. We heartily recommend all lovers of the Swan of Avon to pay frequent visits to Sadler's Wells.

To those who love monologue entertainments we confidently recommend a visit to ALBERT SMITH'S ASCENT OF MONT BLANC; for perhaps there is no actor in London who possesses so much versatility of talent and such true comic humour united with a very fair share of musical accomplishment. In combination, too, with the comic part of the business, he contrives to introduce in a playful way no small amount of information respecting the countries through which he is supposed to pass. Add to this the admirable scenic illustrations with which his amusing work is embellished, and we think none of our readers will think the two hours mis-spent which they have passed in the pleasant company of Mr. Albert Smith.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK EXHIBITION (the oldest in the world), in Baker-street, specially under Royal patronage, is extremely well worthy of a visit ; and many will not be content with one only ; for it comprises so extensive a collection of celebrities of every age and country, from Louis Napoleon, Queen Victoria, the late Louis Philippe, and the Iron Duke, down to O'Connell, Cobbett, Fieschi, Hare, and other characters, either of fair fame or unhappy notoriety, that it may be termed quite a museum of morals. The costumes, also, are most scrupulously attended to, and the life-like resemblances are so striking, that the spectator may almost imagine himself in the company of the parties whose effigies are presented to his wondering view—nor must we forget to mention that the proprietors, with the liberality that characterises all they do, have just added extraordinarily accurate portraits of the Emperor of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey. An excellent band of music, too, gives further zest to the entertainment ; and for those who are fond of looking on the monsters of society and their sanguinary deeds, there is the "Chamber of Horrors." On no account, therefore, should the country and foreign

visitor forget to visit Madame Tussaud's, which is fully worth thrice the moderate shilling demanded for admission. Here also, on the basement, will be found a large and magnificent collection of vases, antiquities, and Chinese productions, forming the West-end branch of the well-known Mr. Hewett's great establishment.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, in the Regent's Park, have long been famed for their noble collection of animals; and not a month elapses without fresh additions to this already large menagerie, which is now superior to that of the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, and probably contains as many species as all the collections on the Continent put together. The animals—whether mammals, birds, or reptiles—are here seen to great perfection, especial care being taken in all instances to give them facilities, as far as possible, for the indulgence of their native habits. The hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, the elephants, giraffes, and antilopes are grouped in rich profusion; and the collection of carnivorous animals is unequalled by any in the world. The immense variety of monkeys, lemurs, &c., is truly astonishing; and there are many very splendid specimens of foreign deer and oxen. Of birds, raptorial, wading, web-footed, and insessorial, including cage-birds, their name is legion; and there are some extremely curious specimens of rare Australian animals, such as the *Tasmanian wolf*, red kangaroo, bower bird, and brush turkey, &c. Alligators, lizards, and snakes, have all of them their representatives; and the *Pythons*, or great constricting serpents, have a spacious saloon, enclosed by plate-glass, entirely devoted to them. All the animals, moreover, wherever placed, are invariably designated by labels, so that the spectator has no trouble in recognising them, and tracing the notices relating to them in the catalogue; nor must we forget to mention the new arrival in that singular and striking animal the American ant-eater (*Myrmecophoga jubata*). The gardens, besides, are beautifully laid out, and kept with a care not to be surpassed in any nobleman's grounds; so that, even were the collection less extensive or rare than it really is, the place would still be fully worth a visit. We know of no exhibition in the metropolis, in fact, where a long morning can be so well or so instructively spent as in these gardens; truly the public are indebted to Mr. Mitchell for the manner in which he gives effect to the resolutions of his colleagues and their Royal President.

Our brief sketch would, indeed, be very imperfect did we neglect to notice the *Colosseum* in the Regent's Park, and the *Polytechnic Institution*. Of the first, who has not heard and visited this vast polygonal structure, which is justly regarded as one of the most attractive exhibitions in the metropolis; crowded as it is with classic ruins, conservatories, fountains, waterfalls, stalactite caverns, groups of exquisite sculpture, and last not least, the wonderful representation, painted by Danson, of the fearful earthquake at Lisbon; with, combined to all these, magnificent panoramas of London and Paris by night, and good music. As regards the Polytechnic in Regent-street, every one *must* go there, or they will soon find themselves sadly deficient in that scientific knowledge which all in these days of general information must feel desirous of attaining. Here will be found an immense diving-bell, with air pumps; a very fine and large electrical apparatus, an oxy-hydrogen microscope of extraordinary power, dissolving views, models, and innumerable machines. Lectures are also delivered here on natural history, photography, electro-gilding and silvering, and, in short, upon all the most interesting topics of the day, by such men as Mr. George Buckland, Dr. Bachhoffner, and Mr. Pepper, with, in addition, excellent singing and music.

We are well aware that our modern Babylon offers many other attractions for visitors besides those already mentioned, and which, with a little experience, they will find out for themselves; but we have mentioned some of the principal, which, having seen and admired them ourselves, we can most confidently recommend to others, as worthy of their first attention, and we purpose in our next work to enter more fully into this subject. The public *will* have exhibitions, and our object is to point out the good and instructive, omitting those places that have a tendency to demoralise and debase.

Our gentlemen-friends will doubtless feel desirous of knowing where a really good cigar may be procured. A good foreign—really foreign—cigar, however, is by no means so easy of purchase; and it may not be amiss if we recommend from experience BENSON'S, in OXFORD-STREET, a very extensive depôt; but, *entre nous*, not in the carriages; there study our Guide, learn patriotism from THE *True Briton*, glance at the cynic *Diogenes*, or ramble over the pages of the genuine *Home Companion*.

THE OFFICIAL ADVERTISER.

TEAS AND COFFEES AT MERCHANTS' PRICES.

HOTELS, FAMILIES, SCHOOLS, and Large Establishments generally, will find great advantages in purchasing TEAS, COFFEES, and COLONIAL PRODUCE of

PHILLIPS AND COMPANY,

Tea Merchants,

8, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY, LONDON.

PHILLIPS AND CO. are enabled to give the Public the full advantage of the

REDUCTION OF THE DUTY ON TEA,

as the following List of Prices will show:

GOOD CONGOU TEA	per lb.	s. d.	3 0	—Former price, per lb.	s. d.	3 4
THE BEST CONGOU TEA		3 4	—Former price		3 8	
THE BEST IMPERIAL SOUCHONG ...		3 8	—Former price		4 0	
THE BEST MOYUNE GUNPOWDER ...		4 8	—Former price		5 0	

THE MIXED TEA at 4s. is very superior Tea, and strongly recommended.

WE ARE ALSO SELLING

THE BEST PLANTATION COFFEE..... 1s. 0d. per lb.

THE BEST OLD MOCHA COFFEE 1s. 4d. „

For the convenience of our numerous Customers, we supply Pure Sugar at the following prices:

PURE WEST INDIA SUGAR, 4d. and 4½d. ST. CROIX, 5d.

REFINED SUGAR, 5d., 5½d., and 6d.

Tea or Coffee to the value of 40s. sent, carriage free, to any part of England, by

PHILLIPS AND COMPANY,

TEA MERCHANTS,

8, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY.

A General Price Current sent free by post on application.

MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS' GREAT EXHIBITION.

MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

NUPTIAL GROUP ;

THE EMPRESS IN HER COSTLY BRIDAL DRESS ;
HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY IN FULL COSTUME.

THE MAGNIFICENT SHRINE

In honour of the late

DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

Represents him reposing under

A SPLENDID CANOPY OF VELVET AND CLOTH OF GOLD.

THE PORTRAIT MODEL.

"This Exhibition is the finest sight in London."—*Times*.

Just added, life-like figures, faithfully costumed, of the

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA and the SULTAN OF TURKEY.

This magnificent collection comprises groups and figures which faithfully recal all the great Statesmen, Kings, Emperors, Princes, Warriors, Theologians, &c., &c., that have played their part in the history of the world during the last three centuries.

BAZAAR, BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE.

Admission, One Shilling ; Napoleon Room, Sixpence.

LA GRANDE EXPOSITION DE MADAME TUSSAUD ET FILS.

MARRIAGE DE L'EMPEREUR DES FRANCAIS.

GROUPE NUPTIALE ;

L'IMPÉRATRICE HABILLÉE EN ROBE DE NOCE MAGNIFIQUE ;
SA MAJESTÉ IMPERIALE EN HABIT DE CÉRÉMONIE.

CATAPALQUE SPLENDIDE EN L'HONNEUR DE FEU

LE DUC DE WELLINGTON,

Où il est représenté étendu sous

UNE TENTE DE VELOURS ET DE DRAP D'OR.

LE PORTRAIT MODÈLE.

Cet établissement se compose de groupes et des modèles fidelement exécutés, des grands hommes d'état, rois, empereurs, princes, guerriers, prédicateurs, qui ont joués un rôle distingué dans l'histoire du monde pendant les trois derniers siècles.

BAZAAR, BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE.

Prix d'Entrée, One Shilling ; Pour voir la Collection Napoleon, Sixpence en plus.

STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

CHIEF OFFICE, 48, MOORGATE-STREET, LONDON.

NINE-TENTHS or NINETY PER CENT. of the Profits, ascertained every five years, divided among Policy-holders; and after three Annual Premiums have been paid on Policies to the amount of £500 and upwards, the holders are entitled to attend and vote at the Annual General Meetings. THE ASSURED PARTIES BY THIS ARRANGEMENT ARE MADE ACQUAINTED WITH THE MANAGEMENT, STATE, AND PROSPECTS OF THE SOCIETY EVERY YEAR.

BONUS DECLARED UP TO DECEMBER, 1848.

An inspection of the following Scale of Bonus added to Policies of five years' duration will at once establish the claim of this Society to public support; and a comparison of the results with those obtained by any similar Institution is invited.

Age at Date of Policy.	Sum Assured.	Amount Paid to the Office.	Bonus added to the Sum assured.	Amount now payable at the Death of the Assured.
	£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
25	1000	106 9 2	76 8 2	1076 8 2
35	1000	139 15 10	85 7 1	1085 7 1
45	1000	188 10 10	98 0 0	1098 0 0
55	1000	283 19 2	122 18 9	1122 18 9
65	1000	448 2 6	169 1 7	1169 1 7

Prospectuses, containing very full tables of rates, forms of proposal, and every other information, will be forwarded, postage free, on application to any of the Society's agents, or to the Secretary, at the Chief Office.

W. E. HILLMAN, F.I.A., SECRETARY.

WATERPROOF GARMENTS.

EDWARD SPENCER and CO. beg to invite the custom of Tourists and Travellers for their Waterproof Garments, in which great improvements have been recently made, so that they are no longer susceptible to damage from grease or oil, or extreme heat, which has been the case with all manufactures of the kind hitherto.

E. S. and Co.'s Stock comprises EVERY KIND OF OUTER GARMENT, made in the best style, and suited to all the various circumstances of exposure to weather by sea and land, consisting of Coats, Capes, Wrappers, Over-alls, Hats, Caps, Boots, Goloshes, &c., in all their various adaptations.

E. S. and Co. supply all kinds of Floats and Life Buoys, patent Buoyant and Water-tight Trunks, Bags, Portmanteaus, and all articles of travelling equipment.

Manufacturers of Dr. Arnott's Hydrostatic or Floating Bed, and other Invalid Beds, &c.

GENERAL WATERPROOF WAREHOUSE.

116, FENCHURCH STREET, OPPOSITE MARK LANE.

HOME AND TUITION.

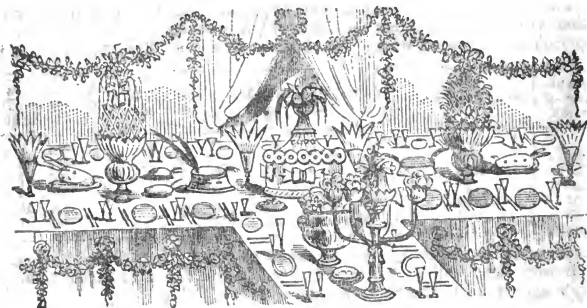
A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, M.A. of Cambridge, first Scholar of his College, ministering in an Episcopal Chapel in London, and engaged for more than twenty years in tuition (five in the University), continues to receive a very limited number of PRIVATE PUPILS. Residence, open, airy, and healthy, near Regent's Park. Highest references exchanged. Address, A.M., Mr. Measom's, 74, Charrington-street, Oakley-square.

PURVEYOR BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT.

PURSELL'S NEW ESTABLISHMENTS.

No. 162, REGENT-STREET.

No. 20, LUDGATE-HILL.



BALL SUPPERS AND WEDDING BREAKFASTS PROVIDED

In the most Fashionable Style, including the hire of a new and elegant Service and attendance.—Public Dinners and Parties supplied by Contract. The largest display of Brides' Cakes in England, from half-a-guinea to 20 guineas; a handsome cake for 3 guineas, packed and warranted to be sent safe to any part of the Country. Also a large assortment of Cakes for Dessert, Tea, Luncheon, &c., viz., Madeira Cake, Dundee Cake, School Cake, Swiss Cake, Savoy Cake, from 1s. to 10s. each; French Pound Cake, 1s. 4d. per lb.; Brighton Ginger Cakes, 14 for 1s.; Swiss Rout Cakes, 3s. per lb.; sixteen sorts of Almond Cakes or Macaroons, at 1s. 8d. per lb.; a large assortment of Tea Cakes, at 1s. 4d. per lb.

BISCUITS, IN HIGH PERFECTION,

In bags, 14 for 1s., or in boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. each—viz., Captains', or German Cuddy Biscuits, have long been esteemed for their delightful flavour, and are adapted for coffee and tea; Milk or Cheese Biscuits, Arrowroot Biscuits for invalids, and their nutritive quality makes them adapted for children; Abernethy Biscuits, Brown Digestive Rye Biscuits, a large assortment of Mixed Biscuits, 1s. per lb.; Bartholiver's Wine Biscuits, 1s. 3d. per lb.; Isle of Wight Cracknells, 1s. 3d. per lb.; Arrowroot Biscuits, 1s. 3d. per lb.; Coffee ditto, thin Captains' and thin Rusks, for wine. The Royal German Rusks, Tops and Bottoms for infants' food, sold in bags or 5s. boxes. Warranted to Keep Six Months.

BUY YOUR TARTLETS, JELLIES, CREAMS, AND ICES, AT PURSELL'S.

Where also may be obtained a large assortment of Made Dishes, Hams, Tongues, Gallinteers, Raised Pies, and Fowls. Soups of every description packed in tin boxes for the country, viz., Mock Turtle, Ox Tail, Mulligatawny, Julienne, Gravy, Vermicelli, and Maccaroni. Ball Suppers and Wedding Breakfasts supplied in Town or Country, including the hire of plate, china, glass, tables, seats, ornaments, waiters, and everything required.

CAUTION.—Several tradesmen having put over their doors "PURSELL," and representing they are agents, or have lived in the firm of PURSELL, Mr. P. begs to state that he has no authorised agents.

Their Establishments are only 162, REGENT-STREET, and at their Manufactory, 20, LUDGATE-HILL, ST PAUL'S, opposite the Old Bailey.

ELEGANT PERSONAL REQUISITES.

Under the Patronage of Royalty and the Aristocracy throughout Europe. And universally preferred and esteemed.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL.

The successful results of the last half century have proved, beyond question, that this unique discovery possesses singularly nourishing powers in the growth, restoration, and improvement of the Human Hair, and when every other specific has failed. It prevents Hair from falling off or turning grey—strengthens weak hair, cleanses it from scurf and dandruff, and makes it BEAUTIFULLY SOFT, CURLY, and GLOSSY. In the growth of WHISKERS, EYEBROWS, and MUSTACHIOS, it is unfailing in its stimulative operation. For children it is especially recommended.

Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; or Family Bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 2s.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

AN ORIENTAL BOTANICAL PREPARATION, of unfailing efficacy in purifying the Skin from all Pimples, Spots, Redness, Freckles, Tan, and Discolorations; producing a healthy freshness and transparency of Complexion; and a soft delicacy of the Hands and Arms.—Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE,

A White Powder. Prepared from Oriental Herbs, transmitted to this country at great expense, this unique compound is of inestimable value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the Gums, and in giving sweetness and perfume to the breath. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

ROWLANDS' AQUA D'ORO.

A fragrant and refreshing perfume, combining the spirituous essences and essential properties of the most valuable exotic flowers and plants. Gentlemen, after smoking, by rinsing the mouth with a small quantity, will find it restore the breath to sweetness and purity.—Price 3s. 6d. per bottle.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS!!!

The only GENUINE of each bears the name of "ROWLANDS" preceding that of the Article on the Wrapper or Label. Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, Hatton Garden, London, and by all Chemists and Perfumers.

Under Patronage of Royalty and the Authority of the Faculty.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

A CERTAIN REMEDY for disorders of the Pulmonary Organs—in Difficulty of Breathing—in Redundancy of Phlegm—in Incipient Consumption (of which Cough is the most positive indication) they are of unerring efficacy. In Asthma and in Winter Cough, they have never been known to fail.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES are free from every deleterious ingredient; they may, therefore, be taken at all times, by the most delicate female and by the youngest child.

Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 2d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

Sold retail by all Druggist and Patent Medicine Vendors in the Kingdom.

N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraved on the Government Stamp of each box.

Important Testimonial.

Copy of a Letter from COLONEL HAWKER (the well-known Author on "Guns and Shooting").

Longparish House, near Whitechurch, Hants, Oct. 21, 1846.

SIR,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect I have experienced by taking only a few of your Lozenges. I had a cough for several weeks, that defied all that had been proscribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

P. HAWKER.

To Mr. KEATING, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard.



HENRY BRIDGES,
BRUSH MAKER, TURNER, AND MAT-LAYER
TO THE QUEEN,
 406, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

Solicits the attention of the Public to the Articles of his Manufacture; they are of the VERY BEST description, and offered at the lowest possible profit.

Adjoining is the

MANUFACTORY FOR OAK FURNITURE,

With a great Variety of Kitchen Tables, Chairs, Tinned Meat Screens, Press Bedsteads, Chests of Drawers, Linen Presses, Wardrobes, &c., &c.

The Omnibus to and from the Brighton Railway passes the Door every Five Minutes.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT.

TO
THE QUEEN,
 H.R.H.
 PRINCE
 ALBERT,



AND THE
ROYAL
FAMILY.

MAYALL'S DAGUERREOTYPE PORTRAIT GALLERIES,

224, REGENT-STREET (CORNER OF ARGYLL-PLACE), AND 433, WEST STRAND
(FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE LOWTHER ARCADE).

The above Galleries embrace an Extensive Collection of Original Portraits of Eminent Men—Fine Art Illustrations by Daguerreotype—Panoramas of Niagara—Stereoscopic Views of the Great Exhibition—and Specimens of the latest Improvements in every Branch of Photography. Open, daily, for Public Inspection.—Admission, Free.

PHOTOGRAPHY, or drawing by the agency of light, is daily advancing in public estimation, and must eventually supersede every other style of miniature portrait. As its beauties and resources become developed, the prejudice originating in the imperfect nature of the first attempts gradually gives way to universal approbation. In producing a really good daguerreotype, a combination of appliances and favourable circumstances are required, deprived of which the art sinks to the insignificance, justly belonging to the many wretched abortions claiming the same nomenclature, and to be seen in almost every street.

To attain the utmost capabilities of the art, Mr. Mayall has brought many advantages to bear upon the subject. He has constructed glass houses especially adapted to the purpose. An expenditure of many thousand pounds has secured the very perfection of apparatus, &c., particularly with regard to the lenses, which have been formed expressly to realise clear and distinct images without the slightest distortion. Mr. Mayall has practised the art since its first discovery by Daguerre, in 1839, and, moreover, has been assisted by a thorough knowledge of chemistry, optics, and the principles of art. "The blending of these advantages" (says the *Athenæum*) "has resulted in the production of portraits as much superior to ordinary daguerreotypes as our leading artists are to street miniature painters."

Like photography itself, the colouring process has undergone a marked improvement. The suitable arrangement of background in the first instance, and the subsequent skill of the artist, now ensure pictures coloured to a degree of excellence rarely attained by any other means. While a first class plain daguerreotype must be acknowledged exquisite, as presenting a perfect mezzotint or vignette effect, the coloured miniatures yield to none in richness of tone, expression, and artistic treatment.

Mr. Mayall, in soliciting the inspection of the public, begs to draw attention to the fact, that *his resources and long experience ensure the highest class pictures, but the arrangement of charges place them within the reach of all.*

EVERY PICTURE GUARANTEED PERMANENT, AND TO STAND THE TEST OF
TIME AND CLIMATE.

SCALE OF PRICES

(Including Frame or Morocco Case).

Oval Case Size.	Second Size.	Third Size.	Fourth Size.	Fifth Size.
£0 17 0	£1 1 0	£1 10 0	£2 2 0	£2 12 6

STEREOSCOPIC PORTRAIT, with instrument, &c., 2l. 2s.

Coloured pictures from five to ten shillings extra.

N.B.—A smaller picture than the above sizes is taken at the Strand establishment, price 10s. 6d.

Mayall's specimens of coloured portraits are quite marvellous.—*Atlas*.

The first productions in Europe, showing the excellence attained by the discoveries and improvements of J. E. Mayall.—*Morning Advertiser*.

Mayall's wondrous excellence.—*Morning Chronicle*.

Having seen specimens of J. E. Mayall's portraits upon his improved principle of daguerreotype, we consider them remarkably striking likenesses, worthy the inspection of the connoisseur.—*Daily News*.

The pictures that are to be seen in the Gallery—from the admirable style in which they are executed, are calculated to convey a very high idea of the talents of the professor.—*Sunday Times*.

Mr. Mayall's gallery includes numerous fine art illustrations, many of them perfect gems of their kind—and some of the most exquisite groups that it is possible to conceive. Until these can be pronounced otherwise than excellent let no one cherish a prejudice against the daguerreotype. There are, we know, some who have an obstinate and decided prejudice—no doubt, to a certain degree, caused by the numberless dabs that meet the eye almost in every quarter. To convert such unbelievers, it is only necessary to show them what can be realised by a combination of apparatus and arrangement such as Mr. Mayall's gallery so amply affords.—*Era*, Feb. 26th, 1853.

Mr. Mayall has introduced many new applications of photography, and the specimens which have been submitted to our inspection, surpass, in correctness of resemblance, artistic design, and interest of subject, any daguerreotypes we have as yet seen.—*Britannia*, Feb. 21, 1852.

We admired the miniatures produced by Mr. Beard, but all the effect that we have previously seen sink into insignificance before the results produced by Mr. Mayall.—*Lloyd's News*.

TO ALL BAD WRITERS.—Patronised by his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent.—The celebrated Systems of **WRITING** invented by Mr. **CARSTAIRS**, are now taught in all their perfection, enabling all those who require it to obtain a command and freedom seldom, if ever, equalled. Prospectuses of Terms, &c., may be had at the Establishment, 81, Lombard-street, City.

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE, in Imperial Quarts and Pints. Baron Liebig says:—"The specimens of your Pale Ale sent to me afforded me another opportunity of confirming its valuable qualities. I am myself an admirer of this beverage, and my own experience enables me to recommend it, in accordance with the opinion of the most eminent English Physicians, as a very agreeable and efficient tonic, and as a general beverage, both for the invalid and the robust.—Glessen, May 6."

Influenced by so eminent an authority, I have resolved to sell Allsopp's Ales exclusively, at 5½, Pall-mall. I guarantee it—first, genuine as from Burton-on-Trent; secondly, in the finest condition; and, thirdly, to be bottled in quarts and pints, of *imperial measure* only.

	s.	d.	
Allsopp's Pale Ale, in imperial quarts	8	0	per dozen.
Allsopp's Pale Ale, in imperial pints	5	0	"
Allsopp's Pale Ale, in imperial half-pints	3	0	"
Allsopp's Mild Ale, in imperial quarts	8	6	"
Allsopp's Mild Ale, in imperial pints	5	6	"
Allsopp's Strong (the Old Burton) Ale, in imperial quarts ...	10	6	"
Allsopp's Strong (the Old Burton) Ale, in imperial pints	6	6	"
Allsopp's Pale Ale, 18-gallon casks			30s.
Allsopp's Mild Ale, 18-gallon casks			33s.
Allsopp's Strong (the Old Burton) Ale, 18-gallon casks			45s.

Address, **HARRINGTON PARKER**, Beer Merchant, 5½, Pall-mall.

If you break China, Glass, or any Fancy Article, &c.,

HURST'S FINLEY'S INFALLIBLE TRANSPARENT ARABIAN CEMENT will effectually repair the damage for less than **ONE-HALFPENNY**, or any article, if broken into twenty pieces, repaired by **C. H. HURST**, Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer, Royal-road, Kennington Common, and sold Wholesale and Retail in Boxes at 1s. each, or Magnums 2s., with ample directions for use; or sent free to any part of the kingdom for fourteen or twenty-eight postage stamps. May also be had of numerous Ironmongers, Oilmen, Fancy Repositories, &c., throughout the country.—N.B. The above is the only Cement known that can be warranted to stand washing in hot water. Each box bears the Seal and Signature of **C. H. HURST**; none other is genuine. Beware of spurious imitations.

MESSRS. REYNOLDS, RICHARDS, AND CO., HAT MANUFACTURERS,

125, Strand, corner of Savoy-street, a few doors West of Waterloo Bridge,

Solicit an inspection of their light, soft, and Ventilating Velvet Hats.

Rich Velvet Nap	12s. 0d.
Durable do.	10s. 0d.
Superior Paris Velvet	8s. 6d.

A single hat forwarded to any part of England, Carriage Free, upon receipt of a Post-office order for the amount. Please to take the measure outside of the hat in wear.



LEVINSON'S SHIRT AND HOSIERY DEPOT, TRAFALGAR HOUSE,

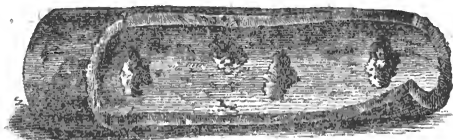
61, CHARING-CROSS, COCKSPUR-STREET.

Established 1826. Celebrated for the best quality and fit.

The Golden Flax Prize Linen is only used at the above Dépôt.

N.B.—The Sole Inventor of the Magic Cravat.

Water Poisoned by Leaden Pipes.



Extracted by permission from the "EXPOSITOR" of August 7th, 1852.

"The above engraving represents accurately a section of a leaden pipe, which was employed for a short time in conveying water from a well on the grounds of Mr. Dick, of Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. The original section of pipe is $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter, and 5-16 in. thick. A great part of the internal surface is corroded by the action of the water; but, as shown in the drawing, four deep excavations have been made, and another is shaded out of view by the manner in which the section of the pipe has been cut. The water has cut these deep pits almost through the pipe, and not only upon the portion which we have illustrated, but has formed similar chasms throughout the entire length."

DURABILITY OF GUTTA PERCHA TUBING.

Many inquiries having been made as to the durability of Gutta Percha Tubing, the Gutta Percha Company have pleasure in giving publicity to the following Letters from parties who have had it in use for a considerable length of time:—

From SIR RAYMOND JARVIS, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

(Second Testimonial.)

"March 10th, 1852.

"In reply to your letter received this morning, respecting the Gutta Percha Tubing for pump service, I can state, with much satisfaction, it answers perfectly. Many builders and other persons have lately examined it, and there is not the least apparent difference since the first laying down, now several years; and I am informed that it is to be adopted generally in the houses that are being erected here."

From C. HACKER, Esq., Surveyor to His Grace the Duke of Bedford, Woburn Park.

(Second Testimonial.)

"Office of Works, Woburn Park, Jan. 10th, 1852.

"Gentlemen,—In answer to your inquiries respecting the Gutta Percha Tubing for Pump Suctions, I find that the water has not affected it in the least, although it will eat lead through in two years; we have adopted it largely, being cheaper than lead, much easier fixed, and a more perfect job."

N.B.—The Company's Illustrated Circulars (72 pp. 4to.), with Instructions for Joining Tubes, &c., and for securely attaching Gutta Percha Soles, will be forwarded (post free) on receipt of three postage stamps.

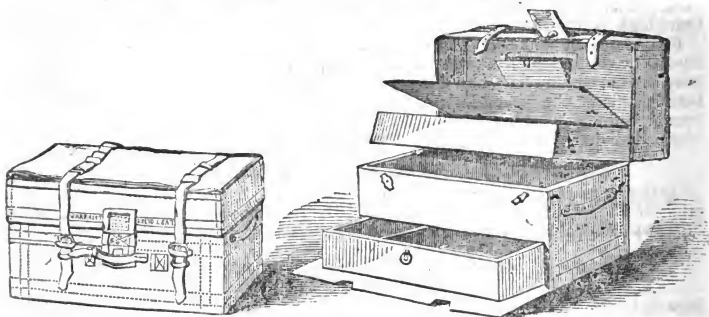
THE GUTTA PERCHA COMPANY, PATENTEES,
18, WHARF ROAD, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

JOHN SOUTHGATE,
SOLID LEATHER PORTMANTEAU MANUFACTURER,
76, WATLING STREET.

THE NEW REGISTERED PORTMANTEAU.

Registered and Manufactured by

John Southgate, 76, Watling Street.



THIS PORTMANTEAU is admitted by all who have used it to be the most PERFECT and USEFUL of any yet invented, and to combine all the advantages so long desired by all who travel.

The peculiar conveniences of this Portmanteau are, that it contains *separate compartments* for each description of Clothes, Boots, &c.; each division is kept entirely distinct, and is immediately accessible on opening the Portmanteau, without lifting or disturbing anything else. Every article is packed perfectly flat, and remains so during the whole of the journey.

JOHN SOUTHGATE also manufactures several descriptions of most convenient and commodious Ladies' Travelling Portmanteaus and Bonnet Cases, which are both light and durable.

The above articles may be obtained of Mr. WILKINSON, 30, Cockspur-street; Messrs. MOORE and Co., 14, St. James's-street, London; Mr. HUNT, Above-Bar, Southampton; Mr. BAYS, Hatter, Cambridge; Mr. POOL, Trunkmaker, Hull and Leeds; Mr. ELLINGER, Trunkmaker, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mr. DAMON, Clothier, &c., Weymouth; of most Outfitters and Saddlers throughout the Kingdom; and of

JOHN SOUTHGATE,
Manufacturer of every Description of Portmanteaus and Travelling
Equipage.

76, WATLING STREET, LONDON.

SOAP AND CANDLE STORES.

LIVETT FRANK,
14, BOROUGH, LONDON BRIDGE,

Nearly opposite the Railway Terminus.

Agent for Price's Patent Candle Company's unequalled Composite; Palmer's Patent Lamp Candles; and Knight and Son's celebrated Primrose, Strong Yellow, and Mottled Soaps, all of which may be had at the lowest Wholesale Prices. Price's Night Lights, 4d., Child's and Albert's 5d. per box. White and Brown Windsor Soap, 1s., Frank's Treble-Scented ditto, 1s. 6d., Scented Curd Ditto, 7d. per pound.

FRANK'S COLZA OIL of the purest quality, for the Moderateur, Diamond, Carcel, and other Lamps; Genuine Sperm Oil, 8s., Refined Solar ditto, 3s. 6d., Camphine, highly rectified, 4s. 6d.

Rich Jams and Marmalade in one pound pots. Sauces 1s. per bottle. Finest Rhenish Gelatine, 4s., Isinglass, 10s., Finest Russian ditto, 18s. per pound. Every other article equally low, sent free per own Carts within five miles of London. A List of Prices can be had on application.

JOHN WILLEY

(FROM ATKINSON AND CO., WESTMINSTER ROAD),

CABINET MANUFACTURER, UPHOLSTERER,

CARPET AND GENERAL FURNISHING WAREHOUSEMAN,

164, HIGH STREET, BOROUGH

(Opposite St. George's Church),

Begs to inform the Nobility and Gentry in search of first-rate articles, that he is enabled to supply every description of Carpetings, Bedsteads, Bedding, and Household Furniture, at the lowest cash prices. Workmanship unequalled, combined with elegance, novelty, and design.

J. W. invites an inspection of his Show Rooms.

WILLIAM HOLLAND'S

**LINEN DRAPERY, GENERAL FURNISHING WAREHOUSE, AND
 CABINET MANUFACTORY,**

MANCHESTER HOUSE, 58, 59, & 60a, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY.

The cheapest Bedding and Furniture Warehouse in London.

PIANOFORTES, &c.

JEWELL and LETCHFORD, Pianoforte Manufacturers, Music Publishers, and Manufacturers and Importers of every description of Musical Instruments, have always on hand a great variety for Sale or Hire. Their Printed Music Department contains every novelty as soon as published. All orders, accompanied with a remittance, forwarded post free.—London: 17, Soho-square.

MESSRS. PLUMER AND ROBERTS,
WINE, SPIRIT, AND COAL MERCHANTS,
WORTHING.

Office:—28, Warwick-street, near the Bank.

TELLWRIGHT'S
EXCLUSIVE SHAWL AND MANTLE WAREHOUSE,
50, WESTERN ROAD,
BRIGHTON.

Every new mode of elegance and fashion, as produced in PARIS, may be seen in the *Show Rooms*.

CHILDREN's ditto in every variety.

SHAWLS in every fabric, all sizes, and at all prices.

THOS. TELLWRIGHT, *Proprietor*.

KIRKPATRICK AND CO.,
PALE BITTER ALE AND PORTER BREWERS,
CHAPEL STREET BREWERY,
SAINT JAMES'S STREET,
BRIGHTON.

SMITH, LATE TABRUM
(FROM SAVORY AND MOORE'S, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON),
PHARMACEUTICAL AND DISPENSING CHEMIST,
83, WESTERN ROAD,
BRIGHTON.

JOSEPH BLACKLOCK,
DRUGGIST, &c.,
MANUFACTURER OF BRIGHTON SELTZER WATER, SODA, AND POTASS
WATERS.
Sole Agent for Melchor Lopez' Genuine Havannah Cigars..
DEPOT, 32, OLD STEINE, BRIGHTON.

THE PATENT SELF-ACTING IRIS FOUNTAIN, FOR PERFUMED AND OTHER WATERS.

This elegant decoration may now be obtained at the *Depôt, 71, Baker-street, Portman-square, London.* The Iris Fountain is peculiarly adapted, in its variety of forms, for dining, drawing, and ball-rooms, or for the boudoir and conservatory. Perfumed waters may, by the agency of this fountain, be brought into continuous contact with the atmosphere, producing a refreshing and luxurious effect. It is portable, simple in its mechanism, and perfect in itself: it is not liable to derangement. The Iris Fountain will continue playing upwards of three hours, and when the jet becomes languid, any person can restore its perfect action in two seconds, by merely turning it round as it stands upon the table or pedestal, when it will again play for three hours. This simple means of revival may be repeated with the same effect at pleasure.

The Iris Fountain is complete in itself, requiring no fittings or water pipes for supply or waste whatever; the water once supplied to the fountain, and ejected by its action, returns to be again thrown out; the only loss of water, therefore, will be by evaporation.

			Price.
Table	Fountain, plain		£4 4 0
	ditto	ditto on pedestal	5 5 0
Table	ditto	bronzed	5 5 0
	ditto	ditto on pedestal	6 6 0
Table	ditto	imitation of Terra Cotta, highly decorated	6 6 0
	ditto	with Terra Cotta pedestal	7 7 0
Table	ditto	imitation granite and bronze	6 6 0
	ditto	ditto ditto with pedestal	7 7 0
	ditto	in wire-work, with pedestal of ditto, for flowers	6 6 0

N.B.—Various Designs, more or less elaborate, in Marble, Porcelain, Carved Wood, Rustic, or any other material, at very moderate Prices.

RANSOME'S PATENT POROUS STONE FILTERS, FOR PURIFYING WATER,

Manufactured in the Patent Stone which has obtained the Medal of the Society of Civil Engineers, the Medal of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the approval of the most distinguished Men of Science, as Faraday, De la Bèche, Buckland, Cubitt, Ansted, Phillips, &c., &c., of the most eminent Men in the Medical Profession, and of the leading Journals.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Portable Filters, in Earthenware Cases, from	0	6	6	to	4	4	0
Hexagonal Stone Filters for Tanks, Cisterns, Water-butts, &c., from	0	8	6	to	4	4	0
Patent Stone Emigrant and Syphon Filters, from	0	10	6	to	0	12	6
Patent Stone Filter and Purifier, in Earthenware Cases, from	0	7	6	to	4	10	0
Patent Porous Stone Slabs for Reservoirs, Water Companies, Chemical Works, Hydraulic and Engineering Purposes generally, from	0	4	0	per foot.			

DEPOT, 71, BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON.

WARD AND CO., Agents.

A descriptive pamphlet, sixteen pages, with numerous engravings, testimonials, &c., &c., gratis. By post, 2d.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED by Mr. JOHN HENRY PARKER.

- THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS.** By the Author of "The Doctrine of the Cross," and "Devotions for the Sick Room." Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.
- THE PSALTER AND THE GOSPEL;** the Life, Sufferings, and Triumph of Our Blessed Lord, revealed in the Book of Psalms. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s.
- SERMONS ON THE CREED.** By the Rev. W. G. TUPPER.
- DESCRIPTIONS OF CANAAN;** being an Account of the Mountains, Rivers, and Towns of the Holy Land. By the Rev. CHARLES P. WILBRAHAM, Vicar of Audley. With a Map. 12mo, cloth, 1s.
- * * * This Manual is particularly adapted to the use of Parochial Schools.
- LITTLE FOOTPRINTS ON THE OLD CHURCH PATH.** A Memoir of a Christian Child. Square 16mo, 8d.
- THE CRYSTAL PALACE** in 1853; a Dialogue. By Mrs. FREDERICK MONTGOMERIE. 12mo, 6d.
- DAILY STEPS TOWARDS HEAVEN.** A small pocket volume, containing a few Practical Thoughts on the Gospel History. With Texts for every Day in the Year, commencing with Advent. A New Edition, bound, 2s. 6d.; bound in morocco, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.
- Now ready, in fcap. 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt, with Woodcut, Borders, and Illustrations, by GEO. MEASOM, price 3s. 6d.,
- THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.** By JOHN BUNYAN. A New Edition. Edited by the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A., for the Use of Children of the Church of England.
- TALES FROM THE PAROCHIAL TRACTS.** Illustrated by GEO. MEASOM. Price 2d. each. 1. The Day that never came. 2. Nothing Lost in the Telling. 3. The Prodigal. 4. Alice Grant. 5. The School Feast. 6. It might have been Worse. 7. Harry Fulton. 8. Curate's Daughter.
- Also, just issued,
- A SECOND SERIES of the above, with ILLUSTRATIONS: viz.—1. Edwin Forth, or the Emigrant. 2. Mr. Sharpley; a Tale for the over Thrifty. 3. The Rock and the Sand. 4. Tony Dilke. 5. Complaints and their Cure. 6. The Fair on Whit-Monday. 7. Hannah Dean, or a Daughter's Trial. 8. The Cloud upon the Mountain.
- * * * One Specimen of each Series sent free, on the receipt of 38 postage-stamps.
- Just published, in fcap. 8vo, price 5s., cloth, the Second Edition of
- KENNETH; or, THE REAR GUARD OF THE GRAND ARMY.** By the Author of "The Kings of England," "Scenes and Characters," "Heir of Redclyffe," &c. &c.

Publishing Monthly, price One Shilling,

MR. PARKER'S NEW MAGAZINE,

THE NATIONAL MISCELLANY;

A NEW MONTHLY PERIODICAL OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

Printed in a Large and Readable Type, and therefore well suited for Railway Travellers.

CONTENTS.

- No. I. for MAY.—1. Our First Words. 2. A few Words for May-day. 3. The Love of Horrors. 4. Layard's last Discoveries. 5. Railway Literature. 6. The Old Royal Palaces at Oxford. 7. The Poultry Mania. 8. Public Libraries. 9. Slavery in America. 10. Social Life in Paris.
- No. II. for JUNE.—1. Public Picture Galleries. 2. Poems by Alexander Smith. 3. The Pawnbroker's Window. 4. Notes and Emendations of Shakespeare. 5. The Præraphaelites. 6. Social Life in Paris—continued. 7. Cabs and Cabmen. 8. Colchester Castle. 9. The Rappists. 10. Lay of the Hero.
- No. III. for JULY.—1. A Trip to Leipsic. 2. The Nurse's Tale. 3. Modern Spanish Poetry, *Zorilla*. 4. Erskine's Cruise on the Pacific. 5. Castle Building. 6. Modern French Art, *Ary Scheffer*. 7. The History of the Harp. 8. Evening Twilight.
- No. IV. for AUGUST.—1. Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages. 2. The Rose Nursery at Maresfield. 3. Thackeray's English Humorists. 4. Miss Isabella Bisp's Epistle. 5. Gloves. 6. A Visit to the Grand Beguinage at Ghent. 7. Loo Choo. 8. A few Notes from Alexandria. 9. Notices of Books.
- No. V. for SEPTEMBER.—1. The Grammatical War. 2. The Cid. 3. The Country House. 4. The Foundling Hospital of Paris. 5. The Public Character. 6. A few Words on Legendary Art. 7. A few Notes from the Nile. 8. Traits of American-Indian Life and Character.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD, AND 377, STRAND, LONDON.

To Legatees, Executors, Solicitors, Insurance Offices, &c.

Just Published, price 5s.,

NEW GOVERNMENT SUCCESSION DUTY TABLES,

FOR THE USE OF SUCCESSORS TO PROPERTY, THEIR SOLICITORS AND AGENTS, AND OTHERS CONCERNED IN THE PAYMENT OF THE DUTIES LEVIED ON ALL SUCCESSIONS

Under Authority of the present Statute, 16 and 17 Victoria, cap. 51.

COMPUTED BY

ALEXANDER GLEN FINLAISON,

Actuary of the National Debt, and the Official Calculator appointed to frame the various Tables of the Values of Life Interests and Annuities certain, scheduled with the above Act (passed 4th August, 1853).

By the recent act, 16 and 17 Victoria, cap. 51, every description of property whatsoever inherited by any person is liable to a tax on the value of the Succession, the amount of which duty depends on the degree of consanguinity or position of the Inheritor in relation to the Testator. The interest also of every Successor in real property is now considered to be of the value in ready money of a Life Annuity equal to the yearly value of such property, and is similarly taxed in proportion to the degree of relationship. The value of the inheritance is settled with the proper authorities at the Legacy Duty Office on the basis of the Tables now advertised. And these Tables show at a glance the different percentages to be paid from 1 to 16 per cent., as the case may be, on the value of the Succession, which is also set forth in their contents.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

RAILWAY AND FAMILY READING.

In Monthly Volumes, foolscap 8vo, handsomely bound in Green Cloth, Gilt Back and Side,

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE POCKET LIBRARY, AND HOME COMPANION;

A Series of Standard Works, by Popular Authors.

Also, bound in Blue Cloth extra, and extra gilt, 1s. 6d. Ditto, ditto, gilt edges, 1s. 9d.

Now ready,

1. The Wide, Wide World. By Elizabeth Wetherell.—2. Annette; or, the Mercier's Daughter. By C. Rabou. 3. Dollars and Cents; or, Glen Luna Speculation. By Amy Lothrop.—4. The Forest Youth; or, Shakspero as he Lived. By Capt. Curling. With Illustration.—5. Clara Moreland; or, the Rivals. By Emerson Bennett.—6. One Year; or, Julia and Lavinia. By Emily Carlen.—7. Life in Town and Country. By Miss Sedgwick.—8. The Minstrel and the Maid of Kent. By Capt. H. Curling.—9. Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio. By Fanny Fern (sister of N. P. Willis). With Illustration.—10. Wanted a Husband. A New Domestic Tale. By Elizabeth M. Stewart, authoress of "London City Tales," &c. With Illustration. To be followed by other Popular Works.

EGINTON'S RAILWAY MISCELLANY. A Monthly Journal of Useful Knowledge and Amusement. Supported by Eminent Contributors. Price 1s.

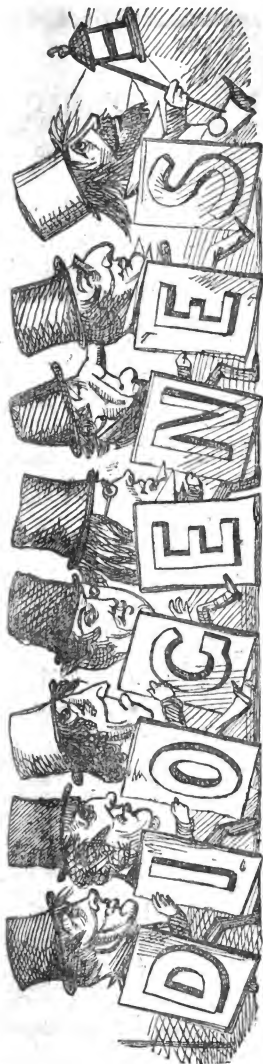
London: EDWARD EGINTON. 48A, Paternoster-row. Sold by all Booksellers, AND AT THE RAILWAY STATIONS.

Now published, Fourth Edition, with Woodcuts, price One Shilling, by H. RENSCHAW, 356, Strand, London,

A TREATISE, descriptive of a much less painful and more scientific method of **EXTRACTING TEETH**, by H. GILBERT, Esq., M.B.C.S., Surgeon-Dentist, containing papers recently read before the Royal Medico-Botanical Society of London, illustrating Mr. Gilbert's Patent Fulcrum, by which the most painful and diseased tooth can be extracted with the least possible suffering. The jaw cannot be fractured or the gums lacerated; there is also less danger of breaking the tooth, and of after hemorrhage.

"We can confidently direct attention to it, as a boon to the profession and the public."—*Lancet*, Dec. 2.

Mr. Gilbert gives instruction in all dental operations, and invites the Public and Profession to inspect his valuable invention, from 11 till 4. 3, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East.



BEHOLD OUR STAFF OF CONTRIBUTORS, WITH GREAT LIBERTY TO ADD TO THEIR NUMBER!

DIOGENES is a new Illustrated, Humorous, and Satirical Publication, issued Weekly, price Threepence. COLONEL SIBTHORP will superintend the department of Absurdities. In this service he has long been known as a most energetic practitioner.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM will undertake the superintendence of our Correspondence. It will be his place to open all the letters; and to see that nothing treasonable or seditious creeps in under the guise of mirth or satire.

LORD BROUGHAM will have something to do in every department—but will stick to nothing in particular. He will contribute largely to the caricatures; and will sometimes supply a droll Enigma.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, being the youngest of our contributors, will do the small paragraphs, and sweep out the office. LORD ABERDEEN will do the respectable business. He will revise the articles in manuscript before they are printed; and will look after the other contributors.

MR. DISRAELI will have a rap at everybody and everything. He will renovate old speeches and jokes, and make them appear almost as good as new. He will introduce all sorts of stage effects and pantomimic tricks. He will contribute largely to our graphic department—tail pieces, initial vignettes, and large cartoons in abundance.

LORD PALMERSTON will endeavour to have his own way in whatever department he undertakes, but it will take a stronger man than him to create a division among the contributors to **DIOGENES**. To ensure the peace of our staff, we intend to place our Foreign Affairs in Palmerston's hands, and to request him to transact the business of his department in the Home Office.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL will do our Biographies, and bits of sentiment upon social and commercial progress; the Editor always reserving to himself the right of enlarging his Lordship's ideas upon all popular questions.

Besides our regular staff, we have an immense number of occasional correspondents, including BERNAL OSBORNE—a capital fellow for a third-rate joke, JOSEPH HUME will send in an immense stock of arithmetical problems, EARL CARDIGAN will supply matter for a smart cut occasionally. MR. MUNTZ will make a capital figure in a group, or in a background.

We shall appoint an Agent in every Town—an "honest man," to whom the public may run for **DIOGENES**. We shall make our appearance in every part of the kingdom each Monday, at noon.

In conclusion, let us state that the success of **DIOGENES** is established. Henceforth the Bearded Cynic stands the adopted of the nation. His words will become household texts; his censure will fall as a blight upon iniquity; his satire will make duplicity tremble; and his wit will sparkle like the star which from its dark and distant bed arouses the contemplation of the admiring world.

LONDON: Published for the Proprietors by PIPER, BROTHERS and Co., 23, Paternoster-row; New York, WILLMER, Ann-street;
And Sold by all Booksellers, and at all Railway Stations. Price *THREEPENCE*.



F. FOX, PRACTICAL TAILOR,

73, CORNHILL, LONDON,

adopts this means of making known that he has practically studied both form and fashion in their most comprehensive meaning, and in the course of an extensive private connexion has clothed every conceivable development during the past thirteen years, always adapting the garment, whether coat, waistcoat, or trousers, to the exigencies of its individual wearer, and the purpose it is intended to serve, thus invariably attaining elegance of fit, with that regard for economy which the spirit of the age dictates.

SPECTACLES.

THE only true and correct mode of adapting Spectacles to suit the Sight is by **SMEE'S OPTOMETER**, an instrument by which the exact condition of the sight is at once shown, and is used by **HORNE, THORNTHWAITES, and Wood**, Opticians, Mathematical, Chemical, and Philosophical Instrument Makers, 123 and 121, Newgate-street, London.

Microscopes for Botanical and other uses. Electro-Galvanic Machines for administering Medical Galvanism, &c., &c.

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES.

HORNE, THORNTHWAITES, & WOOD,

OPTICIANS, AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENT
MAKERS AND CHEMISTS,

123 & 121, Newgate-street, London,

To whom was awarded the Great Exhibition Prize Medal for Photographic Apparatus,
Beg to call the attention of Photographers to the superiority of the Prepared Collodion over every other kind of medium hitherto employed for the reception of images formed in the Camera. Every material and apparatus and requisite for every department of Photography.

	s.	d.
Prepared Collodion per ounce.....	0	9
Pyro-gallic Acid, per drachm.....	3	0
Acetic Acid, per ounce.....	0	8
Acetic Acid, for paper, per ounce.....	1	0

A choice selection of Photographic Pictures always on sale. See "Thornthwaite's Guide to Photography," 2s.

NICHOLLS AND BARRACLOUGH,

IMPORTERS OF WINES AND SPIRITS

(SUCCESSORS TO ANN WOODING AND SON),

SHADES,

ADJOINING FISHMONGER'S HALL, UPPER THAMES STREET,

AND

32, KING WILLIAM STREET,

LONDON BRIDGE.

BRIDGE-HOUSE HOTEL,

LONDON BRIDGE,

OPPOSITE THE LONDON AND DOVER, THE SOUTH-COAST,
AND NORTH-KENT RAILWAY TERMINI.

MR. BURRELL presents his sincere acknowledgments to the Gentry and Families who have so kindly supported him during the past seven years, and most respectfully solicits a continuance of their valued favours.

Mr. B. begs to add that he attends to the purchase of every article consumed in his Establishment, and can submit a tariff of prices upon the most moderate terms.

All Fees to Servants are charged in the bills.

A Night Porter kept.

Wines of all sorts on sale."

Fine Old Port from 48s. and upwards.

Ditto Sherry " 40s. " "

Only first class wines are vended.

September, 1853.

THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BRIGHTON, is advantageously placed on the West Cliff, with extensive frontage to the Sea; centrally with regard to all objects interesting to Visitors, yet removed from the bustle of the town.

MR. JOSEPH ELLIS,—formerly associated with his Father at the Star and Garter, Richmond Hill,—has for some years devoted his whole attention to the regulation of the above-named Hotel. With the aid of favourable circumstances, local and architectural, he has sought to make it equal to the requirements of the present time. By considerable outlay, careful organisation, and the maintenance of a complete household in unvarying efficiency throughout the year, he is enabled to offer separateness, quiet, comfort, conjointly with all the means and resources of a large establishment. The coffee-room is spacious, and appropriately apart.

There is in the Hotel Sea-water service fresh with the tide.

Highly Important to Travellers—Excellent Accommodation.

Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families visiting London, are invited to drive direct on their arrival to

WAGNER'S
BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT,
 41, 42, UPPER CHARLOTTE STREET,
FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON,

Where Visitors are received by the Week, or Month, or Day. Terms: 6s. 6d. per day, or 2*l.* 2s. per week, which charges include

Comfortable Bedrooms and Liberal Board.

Breakfasts at any hour; Lunch, from 1 to 3; Dinners, at 6 daily; Teas, &c.; with the use of Elegant Drawing-rooms and Dining-rooms.—No Extras. The Daily Papers, &c., all included in this charge, Wines and Beer excepted. Conveyances cheap to all parts.



GEORGE HOTEL,
HIGH STREET, PORTSMOUTH.

WILLIAM CROFTS, PROPRIETOR.

Families and Gentlemen will find this well-known Establishment replete with comfort. The strictest attention is paid to the cleanliness of the bedrooms. The sitting-rooms are commodious and well-ventilated. The fine old English coffee-room for gentlemen, with its time-honoured recollections of here sat the greatest military and naval heroes of past and present ages, together with the excellent bill of fare, the catering and gastronomic department being under the Proprietor's minute direction.

Good stabling, lock-up coach-houses, post-horses, and carriages of every description,

N.B. A department exclusively for commercial gentlemen.

ROBERT BACON & CO.,
OLD SHIP HOTEL,
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS,

KING'S ROAD, BRIGHTON.

Situate in the preferable part of the King's Road and Marine Drive.

ROBERT BACON & CO. gratefully acknowledge the liberal support received during their proprietorship of this old-established Hotel, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage of the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general. The celebrity that this Establishment has enjoyed for very many years for wines of the first quality, it has been the strenuous endeavour of the present Proprietors to maintain.

P E G G ' S
ROYAL YORK HOTEL,
BRIGHTON.

HARRY PEGG respectfully announces that his House is delightfully situated at the bottom of the Old Steine, in one of the most pleasant, quiet, and central parts of the Town. It commands an extensive View of the Ocean, yet not so near as to be annoyed by the winds that so frequently blow from the south-west quarter. It stands near the Chain Pier, and will be found most convenient for Travellers to and from the Continent.

The House is large and commodious, and the suites of apartments are such as to suit any class of society. The whole of the interior of the house has been embellished.

The Cuisine is well appointed.

The Wines are of the first and finest description, and the greatest possible moderation is strictly observed in all the charges.

Families boarded on the most economical terms, by the week or month.

Families are also informed that they will find at the above Hotel a most comfortable Coffee-room, thereby saving the expense of sitting-room, fire, and lights.

N.B. The Gentlemen's Coffee Room as usual.

BACON'S BRISTOL HOTEL,
MARINE PARADE,
BRIGHTON.

SAMUEL BACON

(Late of the New Steine Hotel) begs respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Visitors, that he has taken the above Establishment, which has been considerably enlarged, and otherwise improved, and from its superior accommodation, commanding sea-view, and healthy situation, hopes to receive a continuance of their kind patronage.

N.B. Excellent Stabling, Coach-houses, &c.

PIER HOTEL,

RYDE,

ISLE OF WIGHT.

GEORGE RENDALL,

Proprietor of the above magnificently situated Hotel, begs to call the attention of Visitors to the Island to the fact, that this House is close to the Pier, commanding the most extensive and uninterrupted sea-views. The apartments are good, and charges moderate.

G. R. supplies families with Wines, Spirits, Bottled Stout, Ales, &c., of the choicest qualities, and on the most advantageous terms.

Post-Horses and Carriages of every description always ready.

ROBERT YELF'S

OLD-ESTABLISHED

COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY HOTEL,

UNION STREET, RYDE,

ISLE OF WIGHT.

ROBERT YELF

Begs to call the attention of Visitors to the Island to the above beautifully situated and comfortable Hotel. The same arrangements and personal attention that has hitherto secured to him the increasing and large share of public approval, will in all cases be strictly adhered to.

Coaches to Ventnor, and all parts of the Island, start from this House.

The Wines and Spirits are of the very best quality.

Private rooms for large or small parties.

CHARGES VERY MODERATE.

SHANKLIN, ISLE OF WIGHT.

WILLIAMS'S SHANKLIN HOTEL.

The attention of the Nobility and Gentry is respectfully called to the above delightfully situated Hotel, which presents a splendid sea-view, and is close to Shanklin Chine.

WILLIAM HOLLIER, PROPRIETOR.

Four-horse coaches to and from Ryde pass the door every day.
Boarders treated with on moderate terms.

** Mr. HOLLIER begs to add, that the Wines, Spirits, &c., supplied by him are all of the finest quality. No inferior articles of any description are kept in the above well-known Hotel. Every effort is made to continue to this Establishment the *prestige* it has so long enjoyed..

ST. BONIFACE HOTEL

AND

BOARDING HOUSE,

VENTNOR.

To Invalids and others requiring Change of Scene.

The above Hotel is situate in one of the most romantic spots of the Undercliff, close to the Grand Landship, and is replete with every comfort and convenience for the reception of Families and Gentlemen seeking the comforts of their own establishment, combined with moderate charges.

The original "Vectis" Coaches leave Beasley's Hotel, opposite the pier, Ryde, for the St. Boniface Hotel, Ventnor, every afternoon at 3 o'clock, after the arrival of the 2.30 packet from Portsmouth, which takes from the 10.15 and 11 o'clock trains from Waterloo, and also the 11.40 train from Brighton.

Also, the "Vectis" leaves the Medina Hotel, East Cowes, every morning at half-past 12 for the St. Boniface Hotel, Ventnor, after the arrival of the 10.45 packet from Southampton, which takes from the first trains from London, Dorchester, and Salisbury.

Persons wishing information respecting houses or apartments, by addressing as above, will meet with immediate attention.

PLUMBLY'S
FRESHWATER BAY HOTEL,
FRESHWATER,
ISLE OF WIGHT.

This Hotel is delightfully situated close to the beautiful and well-known Bay, commanding the most extensive and uninterrupted views of the sea, rocky landscape, and distant points of the Island.

The apartments are good, charges moderate, attendance perfect, and the refreshments all of the very best description.

Conveyances to and from all parts.

WARM BATHS IN THE HOUSE.

THE FOUNTAIN HOTEL,
WEST COWES,
ISLE OF WIGHT.

T. E. BULL,

Proprietor of the above old and well-known Establishment, begs respectfully to inform Visitors that coaches from all parts of the Island run to this House, and, in addition, the steamers from Southampton and Portsmouth land their passengers at the Pier attached to the Hotel.

The charges are very moderate, the wines, spirits, and refreshments of the best possible quality.

A splendid coffee-room for the use of Visitors, facing the Pier.

Flys, Carriages, Post-Horses, &c., at the shortest notice.

THE MARINE HOTEL,
PELHAM PLACE,
HASTINGS,
FOR FAMILIES AND GENTLEMEN.

The above House is delightfully situated in the very best part of this fashionable and popular watering-place. From nearly every room a commanding and uninterrupted view of the ocean is obtained. It is the nearest hotel to the Library, Baths, &c.

The charges are fixed and moderate. The provisions and wines are selected with the greatest care. The comforts of a home are secured to the visitor.

Fees to servants included in the bills.

Omnibuses, flies, &c., run to and from all the trains, both of the South-Eastern Company as well as those of the Brighton and South-Coast Railway.



ROYAL SEA-HOUSE HOTEL,
WORTHING.

JOHN FOWLER

Begs respectfully to call the attention of the Nobility and Gentry resident in Worthing, as well as the numerous visitors to this fashionable watering-place, to the above delightfully situated Hotel, which contains large and airy bedrooms, noble coffee and sitting-rooms, and a reading and bath-room. The charges are very moderate, and a fixed sum is added to the bill for attendance.

J. F. has added the Coal Trade to his business, confining himself to shipments of the best quality only.

Families can be supplied at their own residences with Wines, Bottled Ales, &c., at the wholesale charges.



EMARY'S CASTLE HOTEL,
WELLINGTON SQUARE,
 AND
ALBION HOTEL,
MARINE PARADE, HASTINGS.

The former of the above Hotels is in a very airy and pleasant situation; being at the entrance to Wellington-square, and but a short distance from the Railway station, it offers good accommodation at very moderate charges. The latter is in the centre of the Marine Parade, facing the Sea, with a complete southerly aspect, and in the immediate vicinity of the Baths and Libraries.

Servants charged in the bill.

Extensive Stabling is attached to each Hotel, where every description of Carriage is kept; also a most excellent Stud of Saddle-Horses, Ponies, &c.

WILLIAM BALLARD,
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
WEST STREET, CHICHESTER.

Very fine old Pale and Brown Sherries from 30s., 36s., 42s., to 60s. per dozen.

In quarter casks from 18l. to 24l.

Ingham's first class Marsala from 24s. to 26s. per dozen.

In quarter casks, 12l. 12s. to 13l.

Fine old Crusted Ports from 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s. per dozen.

In quarter casks from 20l. to 24l.

Good Champagne 42s. per dozen.

Moët's Champagne 76s. per dozen.

Good Claret from 42s. to 76s. per dozen.

Finest Pale and Brown Brandy at 27s. and 30s. per dozen.

Bass's and Allsopp's Pale Ale at 7s. per dozen.

Scotch Ale at 7s. and 8s. per dozen.

Dublin Extra Stout at 7s. per dozen.

Ditto, in casks of 9, 18, and 27 gallons, at 1s. 9d. per gallon.

Samples forwarded upon Application to the above Address.

THE FOUNTAIN HOTEL, PORTSMOUTH.

THOMAS DREWEATT

Begs to call the attention of Visitors to the above comfortable Family Hotel. It is situated in the High-street, within five minutes' walk of the Dockyard and the Pier, from which the boats are constantly leaving for the Isle of Wight.

The rooms are large and lofty, and the refreshments of all kinds are first-rate.

T. W., importing and carrying on a large business as a wine merchant, can safely promise to his visitors choice wines of all ages.

Horses and carriages to let on hire. Omnibuses to and from all the trains.

Large coffee-room for the use of Visitors.

CHARGES VERY MODERATE.

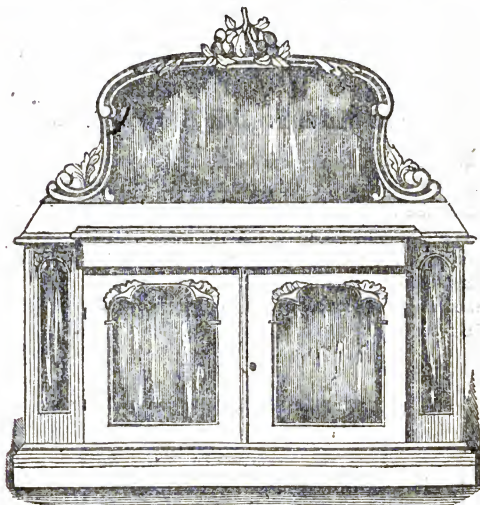
SUSSEX HOTEL, RAILWAY TERMINUS, PORTSMOUTH.

T. R. WESTON

Begs most respectfully, in calling the attention of the Commercial World and the Public generally to his Establishment, to intimate to them, that at great expense, and after several years' experience with the Messrs. Ellis, of Richmond, he has perfected for his Establishment those requirements which constitute the great comfort of travellers, rendering it a home for families, and a pleasant resort for the commercial man.

The Hotel is most conveniently situated, close to the Terminus of the Brighton and South-Coast and South-Western-Railways. It contains an elegant coffee-room and numerous large bed and sitting-rooms.

The Hotel is open for the Arrival and Departure of the early and late Trains.

GUARANTEED CABINET FURNITURE.**23 & 24, PAVEMENT, FINSBURY.**

Rosewood Cheffonier, £9 9s., best quality.

RICHARD LOADER

BEGS to call attention to his extensive and well-selected

STOCK OF CABINET FURNITURE,

COMPRISING EVERY ARTICLE OF INTERIOR DECORATION,

At Prices calculated to meet the Demands of the most moderate Class of
Customers,

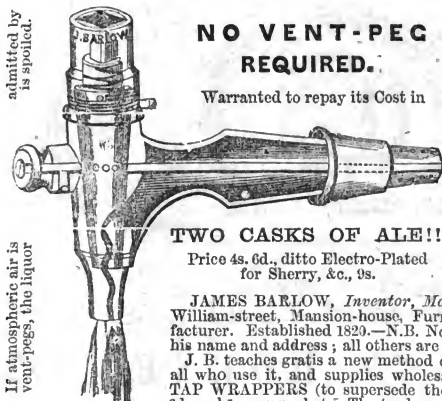
WITHOUT SACRIFICE OF QUALITY.

23 & 24, PAVEMENT, FINSBURY, LONDON.

* * Hotel Proprietors would do well to send to the above House for an Illustrated Catalogue, which would be forwarded free by return of post.

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS' PATENT.

BARLOW'S PATENT CASK STAND, ALSO HIS NEW INVENTED SELF-ACTING SYPHON TAP.

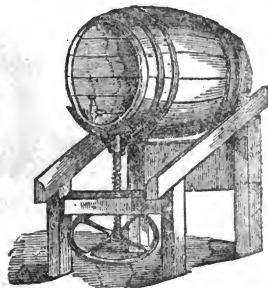
admitted by
is spoiled.If atmospheric air is
vent-pegs, the liquor

**NO VENT-PEG
REQUIRED.**

Warranted to repay its Cost in

TWO CASKS OF ALE!!

Price 4s. 6d., ditto Electro-Plated
for Sherry, &c., 9s.



JAMES BARLOW, *Inventor, Manufacturer, and Patentee*, 14, King William-street, Mansion-house, Furnishing Ironmonger and Bath Manufacturer. Established 1820.—N.B. No taps are genuine except stamped with his name and address; all others are spurious imitations.

J. B. teaches gratis a new method of tapping casks, warranted to delight all who use it, and supplies wholesale and retail his NEW INVENTED TAP WRAPPERS (to supersede the bungling method of using paper), at 6d. and 1s. per packet. The trade supplied.

N.B. Descriptive Engravings and Prices gratis, or sent postage free, of the above, which are
WARRANTED TO PLEASE EVERY PURCHASER.

THE LARGEST WATERPROOF ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

EDMISTON'S POCKET SIPHONIA, OR WATERPROOF OVERCOAT, WEIGHT 10 oz.



SOLE MANUFACTURERS of the celebrated POCKET SIPHONIA, remarkable for its lightness and softness of texture, adapted for Sportsmen, Travellers, and Tourists, easily folded to carry in the Pocket or on Saddle. The most important feature in this Waterproofing is, being mineralised, which effectually resists the powerful heat of the sun and the most violent rains, also obviating the stickiness and unpleasant smell peculiar to all other Waterproofs.

Price according to size, 40s. to 50s.; all silk throughout, 50s. to 60s. Stout Siphonias, 25s. to 35s. Reversible Alpaca, 25s. to 35s. Overall, 8s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Ladies' Capes and Hoods, Petticoats, &c. Measurement, length of coat, and size round the chest over the coat.



FISHING BOOTS, soft and pliable, require no dressing. FISHING STOCKINGS, 25s. per pair.

WATER BEDS ON SALE OR HIRE.

Yachting Jackets, from 16s. 6d. Yachting Trousers and Sou'-Westers, Life-Buoys, and Waist Belts, Air Seats for Fishing, and Folding Sponge Baths.

Notice.—Name and Address stamped inside. None others are genuine.

TERPROOF



ROBERT HORNE,

**PAPER-HANGING MANUFACTURER, HOUSE
PAINTER AND DECORATOR,**

41, GRACECHURCH-STREET, LONDON BRIDGE,

Has always on sale an extensive and well-selected Stock of

**BRITISH AND FRENCH PAPER-HANGINGS,
BORDERS AND DECORATIONS,**

OF EVERY KNOWN STYLE AND QUALITY,

To meet the demands of the Wholesale as well as Retail Consumer,

AND AT PRICES

THAT EVERY CLASS OF PURCHASER MUST APPROVE.

N.B.—Varnishes of all qualities, and Gold Mouldings of every width,
at Manufacturers' prices.

November, 1853.

CATALOGUE
OF
POPULAR WORKS

RECENTLY PUBLISHED OR IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION

BY

CLARKE, BEETON, & Co.,

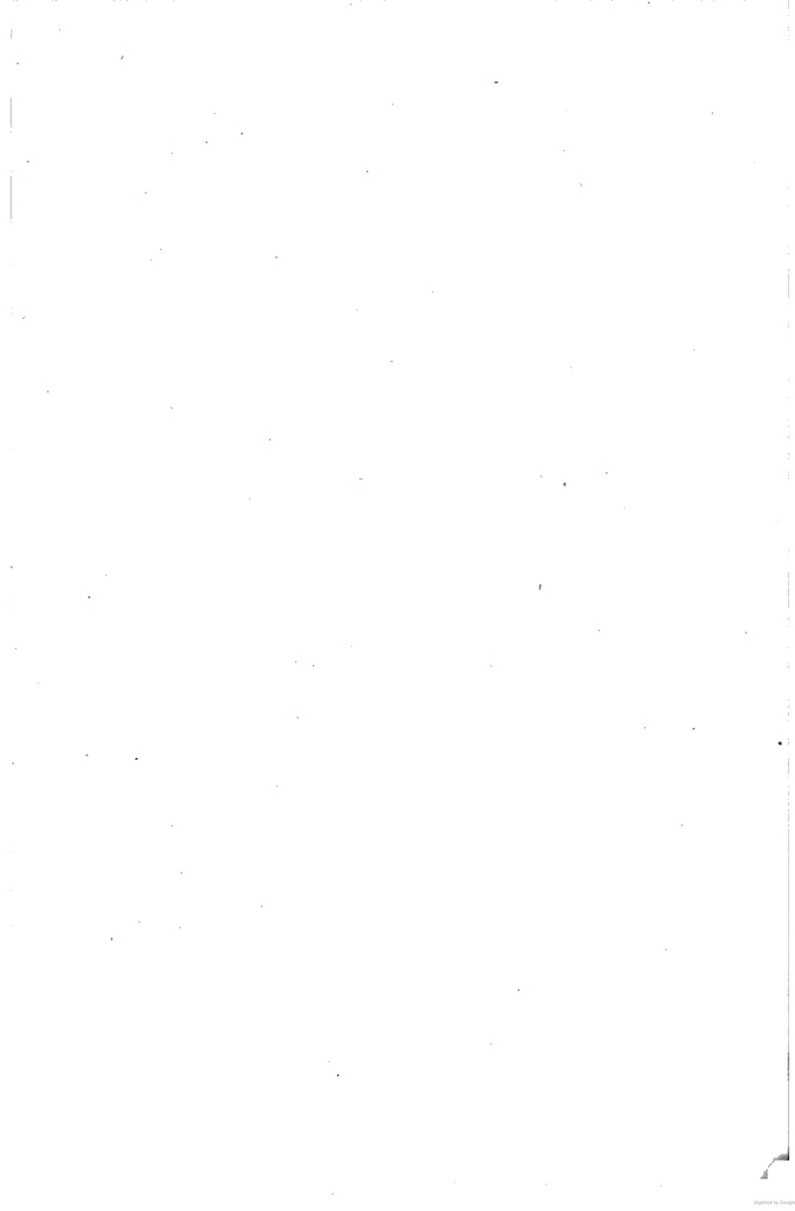
148, FLEET STREET,

LONDON.

MESSRS. KINGS' (OF ABERDEEN) PUBLICATIONS.

The following are adapted for School Premiums and Juvenile Libraries, published at Sixpence each, in Neat Covers.

1. Anecdotes of Sabbath Schools.
2. Anecdotes of Times of Persecution.
3. Anecdotes of Remarkable Conversions.
4. Anecdotes of Children.
5. Alfred and Galba, a History of Two Brothers, First Voyage.
6. Alfred and Galba, Second Voyage.
7. Brown's Lives of Pious Youths.
8. Buck's Young Christian's Guide.
9. Campbell's Worlds Displayed.
10. Campbell's Voyages and Travels of a Bible.
11. Campbell's Picture of Human Life.
12. Campbell's Walks of Usefulness.
13. Cottager's Monitor.
14. Dairyman's Daughter.
15. Douglas's Stimulus to Early Piety.
16. Examples of Female Piety.
17. Hill's (Rowland) Token of Love for Children.
18. Missionary Remains, Henry Martyn, &c.
19. Malan's Eldest Son.
20. Malan's Missions at Home.
21. Memorials and Diary of Mrs. Young.
22. Memoir of Helen M'Kenzie, Aberdeen.
23. M'Laurin's Glorifying in the Cross.
24. Salome; or, the Conversion of a Jewess.
25. Young Cottager, by Legh Richmond.
26. Select Obituaries of Young Persons.
27. Watts's End of Time.
28. Loss of the Kent and Essex.
May's Lectures to the Young, in Three Separate and Distinct Departments.
29. Improvement of Time; David's Charge to Solomon; The Danger of Bad Company; Obedience to Parents.
30. On Prayer, or the Good Child's Petition; The Way to be Wise; On the Duties of the School; Christ in the Temple among the Doctors.
31. The Children's Best Friend; The Young Idolater; The Advantages of Early Religion; Death and Judgment.
32. Hannah More's Stories for Children.
33. Early Religion Exemplified; being Memoirs of Young Persons, by Rev. David Black, of Lady Yester's, Edinburgh.
34. Baxter's Converse with God in Solitude.
35. Todd's Lectures to Children.
36. Mary, the Little Singer, translated from the German.
37. Charles and Bernard; or, the Friends.
38. Janeway's Token for Children.
39. Malan's Narratives for the Young.
40. Neff's Conversations on Sin and Salvation, &c.
41. History of Andrew Dunn, an Irish Catholic.
42. Deathbed Experience of Miss Abercrombie, Aunt of the late General Sir Ralph Abercrombie.
43. Witherspoon's Letters on Marriage.
44. Watts's Short Prayers for the Young.
45. Vale of Death.
46. Life of John Knox, by Margaret Jane.
47. Providence Displayed.
48. Youth's Guide to the Bible.
49. Mason's History of Jesus.
50. Anecdotes on the Holy Scriptures.
51. Life of George Wishart.
52. „ Patrick Hamilton.
53. Henry on Meekness.
54. The Believer's Title and Meetness for the Kingdom of Heaven.
55. Capadoce's Meditations.
56. D'Aubigne's Two Shoals.
57. Autobiography of John B. Gough, the Great Apostle of Temperance.
58. Motherless Mary and the Better Home, by Julia Jane.



89096344569



B89096344569A



89096344569



b89096344569a